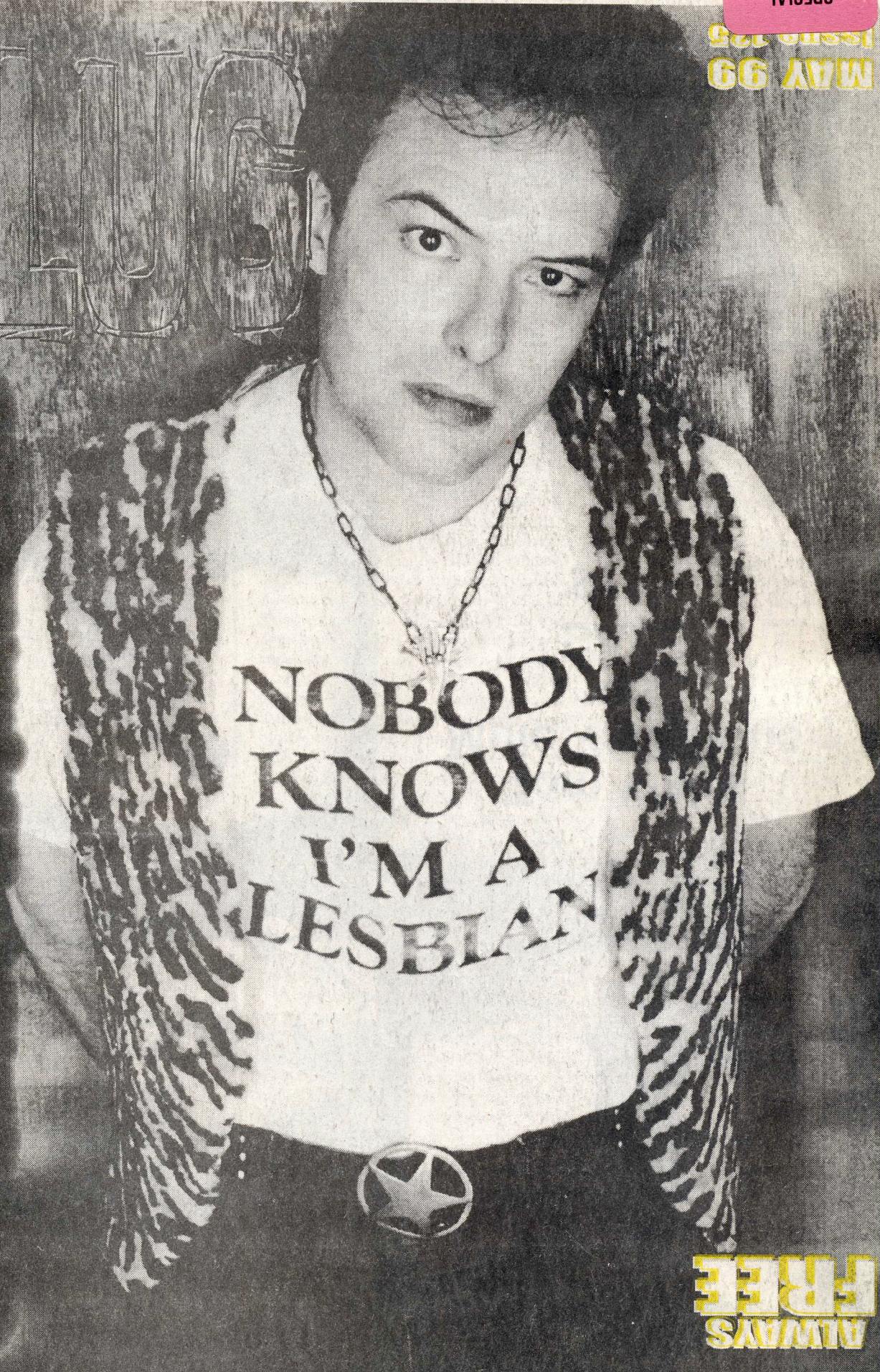


# SLUG

⊗ JELLO BIAFRA ⊗



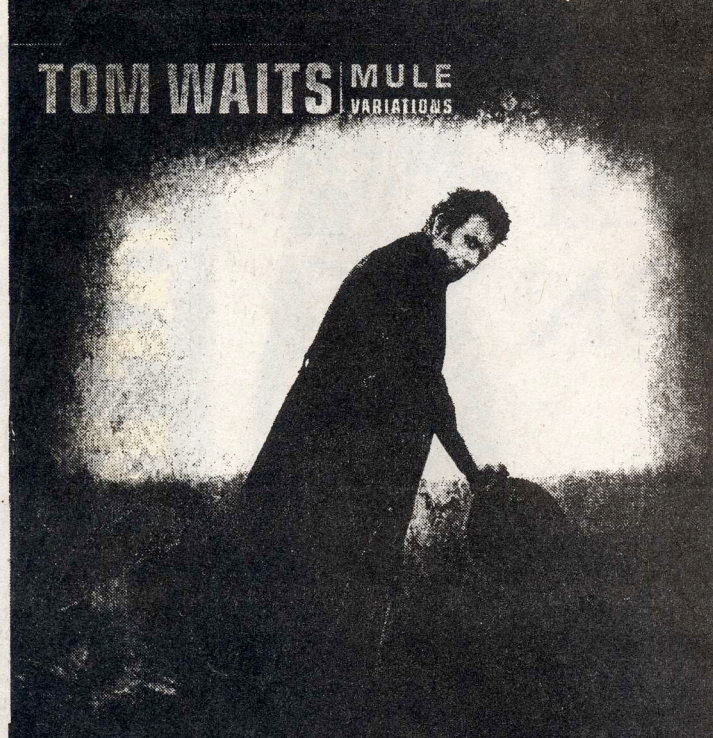
ALWAYS  
FREE



TOM WAITS | MULE VARIATIONS



TOM WAITS | MULE VARIATIONS



# SALT CITY CD'S

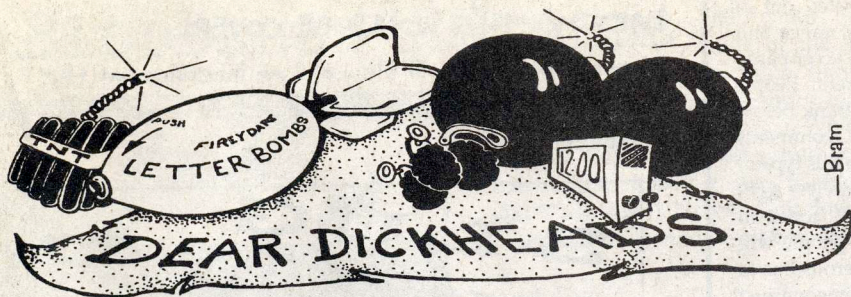
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**ED Note:** A letter was sent to City Weekly, The Event & SLUG from an alleged woman in Provo. The letter complained about the band Good Machine and how they were killing the "values, moral decency & social fabric of our great state" Come on guys, how stupid do you think we are? The letter was so obviously bogus that I am in disbelief that The Event actually printed it. If you want publicity like that you have to actually do something to offend someone and have them actually complain. Otherwise you should buy ad space & then you can say whatever you want. But if you insist on writing bogus letters, here's a little guideline for you to use.

Dear Good Machine,

(or whoever wrote that weak excuse for a letter that you sent to every publication in Salt Lake) Here's a few hints on sending a prank letter. 1) Use a real address instead of a made up one.

2) Use a real name instead of a made up one.

3) Get a real woman to address the envelope & sign the name instead of cut out 'ransom note' type paper.

4) Have the writer spell check the letter, it looks better if the person can actually spell.

5) Don't write the letter from the obvious perspective of a teenager who is trying to sound like a woman from Provo.

5) Have a better idea than some morally righteous woman from Provo who just happened to go to your show and knows the content of your lyrics and all the particulars of your band.

From: Cheri Guertler,  
cguertler@earthlink.net  
To: dicks@slugmag.com

I love how the so-called righteous will sit on their fat wart ridden asses telling us that they know the way to true morality. They water down our beer. They make sure we don't watch anything bad for us like NYPD Blue. And they make sure that evil people like Larry Peterman aren't allowed to sell videos that might hint around two people having.

.. Oh god do I dare type it ... Sex!

Well I am sure glad that Big Elder is watching over me. But as long as we're

trying to stamp out morality. Let's shoot for a little consistency shall we. So let me see if I get this straight. Watching sex on a video by one or more adults is very bad. Having sex before you're married is very bad. And sex between gay adults is near blaspheme. O.K.... Well let's take a look at your back-yard Mr. Mo Knows Betta.

You religious folk have a big hang-up about sex yet the average Zion family has five kids. O.K.... 80% of pregnancies fail. O.K.... So the people are so uptight on us for enjoying sex yet these fuckin' hypocritics can't wait to get home and get some. There's more fuckin' goin' on here than in Amsterdam. And everything is legal there. Oh and if you choose to be a polygamist. (Which is illegal but hey a stack of Franklins could cause glaucoma in some lawmakers and sheer ignorance in others.) You might luck out and get to have sex with a thirteen-year-old relative or even daughter of your own personal brothel, nothing immoral goin' on there right? FUCK YOU! Mr. Leavitt sits on his ass smiling that fake Mo smile that they are bred with and preaches about doing things in the interest of the community. Adults consenting to have sex while they watch a watered down porno is so wrong. Blatantly disregarding a law that was required for Utah to become a state i.e. polygamy is O.K.

I'm scared. If I can't get laid legally unless I marry 6 women, wait for my children to hit the ripe age of 13, and then abuse them and scar them (and I do mean scar not scare.) While Big Elder gives me a reach-around. I'm thinkin' that I am gonna stick to jerkin off while I fantasize about me and Jan Graham shoving a hot poker up the asses of morality like Gov. Leavitt, and that prosecutor who ruined Larry Peterman's life.

Bottom line, if you're going to condone pre-pubescent violations by upstanding church members. Let the rest of us at least watch on pay-per-view or something. But don't try and act like you are better than the rest of the non-member population. You get hard, and you get wet just like the rest of the non-member population. Get over it. Signed. Kiss my ass you fuckin' liar.

dicks continued on page 4



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From: YERSLEEVE@aol.com  
To: dicks@slugmag.com

I was sort of hoping that The Slug would consider doing a bit about the recent outrageous behavior of our law enforcement at the drum circle on Sunday. I just figure that if anyone in town isn't afraid to really put it in it's proper perspective it would be the SLUG. I missed being part of it by about 10 minutes, but a lot of people I know were there and physically abused by the police. A lot of the people at the circle feel as I do that it is a sacred experience. And I guess I just feel like the religious and civil rights of the people at the park were totally violated because of the ignorance and intolerance of an oppressive law enforcement that didn't have enough sense to isolate one dealer and avoid an outrageously unnecessary use of force. But then my suspicious side feels like it was probably planned to go down that way. Utah welcomes the world... as long as they can keep their minds closed and behave in the acceptable sheepish fashion. We can't be having anyone in this behave state with any compassion for the human condition or universal awareness now, can we?

It's been pretty incredible last month, the amount of violence

that has been perpetrated out of ignorance bred by ignorance and hatred and inability to accept anyone that seems different. People just have to stop and think before they make judgmental comments that could escalate into this type of insanity. It seems so hopeless right now. Like this horrible attack in Colorado, I wonder if people will ever realize how dangerous it is to fuel intolerance for someone just because they are different. Some people have been protesting the 'Gay/Straight club', from across the street from East recently. I wonder if they realize that their actions can fuel such responses and potentially cost more young lives.

Anyway I've rambled on and on, sorry, but please consider doing what you do best at SLUG and get the truth out.

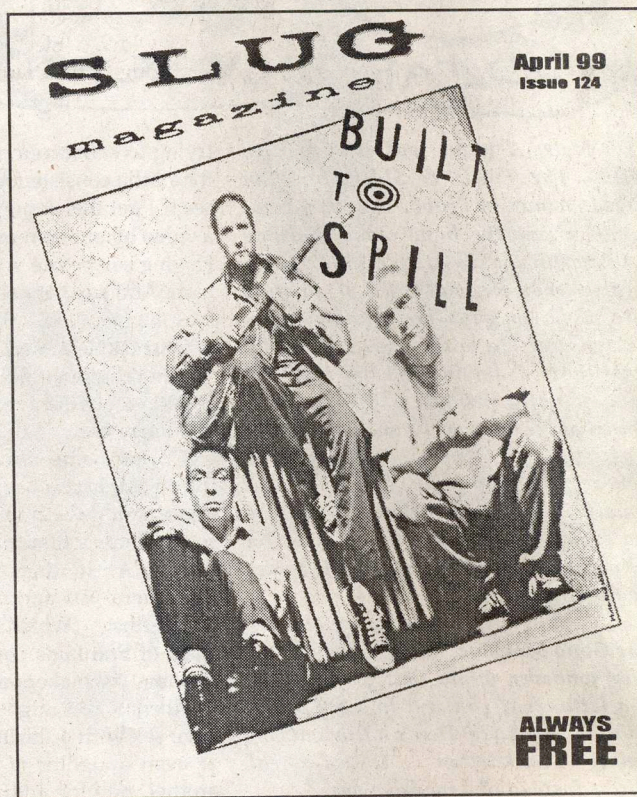
Thanks  
G.K.

*Ed: Sorry but we tried to find anyone who knew the truth about the Liberty Park incident, no takers. There are plenty of examples of the police using excessive force in the last month already. For instance firing eight shots at the back of a car a cop was stopping for a traffic violation. Oh yeah the driver was not armed.*

*Prosecute the police.  
Farley for Mayor.*

## LAST MONTH'S WOULD BE COVER...

...before Built to Spill blew off an interview at the show, then gave us a phony phone # to reach them for a phone.



## "Wait & See, Victimology & The 90's Lesbian"

Before I go any further, I will say that all of our hearts go out to the families of the victims in the Colorado School shooting.

You see those people are REALLY victims. But we live in the new age of victimology. Everyone wants to blame everything on someone else. Your parents, your social climate, our violent society, gun control. These are all excuses. Just because your mom slapped you or someone made fun of you in school for being fat or you were called a bad name doesn't make you a victim. It makes you a person with hurt feelings. People with hurt feelings should not be eligible for cash compensation.

As a matter of fact, they should be eligible for one thing only and that is a swift kick in the ass. STOP WHINING AND SHUT THE HELL UP!

The next time you're feeling hurt, try to imagine how that freshman feels who watched his sister get murdered and then moments later a kid who was hiding under the desk next to him shot in the head simply because he was black. Now, he has a legitimate reason to complain.

Of course, if any true injustice has been done, society as a whole will take a "Wait & See" approach to fixing the problem. America and it's leaders seem to think that if you ignore it, it will go away, and if it doesn't go away, maybe it will fix itself. As long as they don't have to really get involved and do something.

Last and surely least, I have had it with the "90's Lesbian". Oh, you heard me. Every girl in America between the ages of 16-30 who meets a cool girl, then finds out that girl is gay, thinks they might be a lesbian too. Being a lesbian is not a fashion choice, and is certainly not a decision you make so that you get to hang out with other lesbians.

So please stop getting those "I'm not gay I just think I am" haircuts and leave lesbianism to the true hard core professionals.

The real lesbians. The ones who are not "wondering if they might be". The ones that are laughing at you fucking amateurs.

—The "Losers" at Planet SLUG

SOUNDS

LIKE  
BULL  
SHIT

To  
Me...

a  
letter  
from the  
editor



# BLOODSHOT RECORDS

thrashy sensibilities or just plain at-it-tube. Some of the more conspicuous bands/artists who sowed their oats at

soul. Red Dirt is worth the money for the opening line of first track "Hey Truckers" alone. "Hey, truckers/Bad motherfuckers." Hey, Andre

## The Riptones

Woo-hoo! Makes me want to "Fuck and Fight" to quote Varnaline. Just imagine the best damn roadhouse music you've ever heard. I can't say much more except that you should own this. Go buy it before I bust a bottle over your fucking head.

## The Blacks

Formerly known as The Black Family, the Blacks feature trumpet, male and female vocals, upright bass and crispy crunchy guitar. The CD, Dolly Horrorshow is perfect music for long drives on desert roads with a body in the trunk. A macabre little hoe-down. "New, New Waltzing Blues" creates the illusion of a slow, twisting descent into madness. Make it stop!

## Alejandro Escovedo

Bloodshot's coup was signing this former member of Buick MacKane and Rank and File. Previously on Rykodisc, Escovedo has just last week released his second album on Bloodshot, Bourbonitis Blues. Escovedo is a critic's singer-songwriter, so with five of nine songs being covers, you know its gonna be a motherfucker. And that it is. 'Nuff said.

## Split Lip Rayfield

Thrash and trash. A one-string Frankenbass, a banjo and an acoustic guitar riffing like Metallica. This isn't just dueling banjos. Its more like a cockfight. The follow-up to their self-titled debut is expected in September.

## The Meat Purveyors

Sweet in the Pants is the most recent release by this bluegrass band out of Austin. Female lead and backing vocals, all-acoustic instrumentation comes with a moonshine jug so as you can toot along. Okay, not true. But it should. New stuff in July.

Now, this is just a sampling of Bloodshot Record's wares. Their newest venture, Bloodshot Revival/Soundies, will let fly unreleased vintage 40s and 50s recordings by the granddaddies of country music. Two such albums have already seen shelves, Rex Allen and Spade Cooley. The next, a possible 2-CD set from Hank Thompson is due in July. For more information on Bloodshot Records, check out their website at [www.bloodshotrecords.com](http://www.bloodshotrecords.com). or write for a free catalog to:

Bloodshot Records  
912 W.Addison  
Chicago, Illinois 60613-4339

—Randy Harward

Bloodshot are none other than Whiskey town (now on Gaffe/Universal subsidiary Outpost Recordings), Robby Flukes (Gaffe) and the Old 97s (Elector). Heroes a rundown of some other artists currently signed to Bloodshot:

## Neck Case

Neck Case grew up on Laureate Lynn and Patsy Cline, thanks to her grandmother. A member of the punkabilly band Maow (she plays drums and sings lead) as well as one half of the duo the Corn Sisters, Neck comes to Bloodshot by way of Mint Records. Her last album, The Virginian, was critically lauded and showcased her remarkably pure voice. A split seven-inch of naughty little Laureate Lynn tunes with Kelly Hogan (founding member of the Rock\*A\*Teens) see an interview with them this issue was released in February and this fall will see the release of her much-anticipated sophomore release on Bloodshot, Furnace Room Lullaby.

## The Waco Brothers

From Chicago by way of England, the Wacos boast Mekons lead vocalist/guitarist Jon Langford and recently headlined at the Bloodshot Records showcase at South by Southwest. Perhaps the best aural illustration would be to say that the Waco Brothers are the result of a shotgun marriage of punk ala the Clash and the country music you should have listened to your grandma about. Their disc, released last February, is titled Wacoworld.

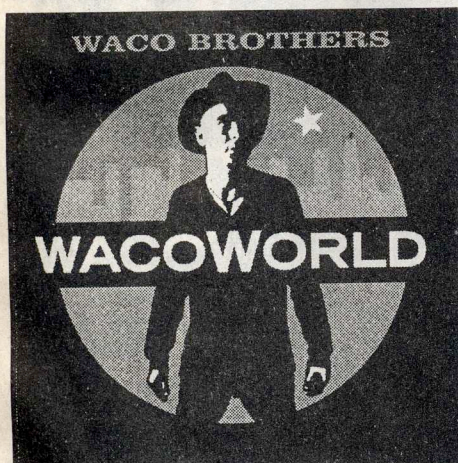
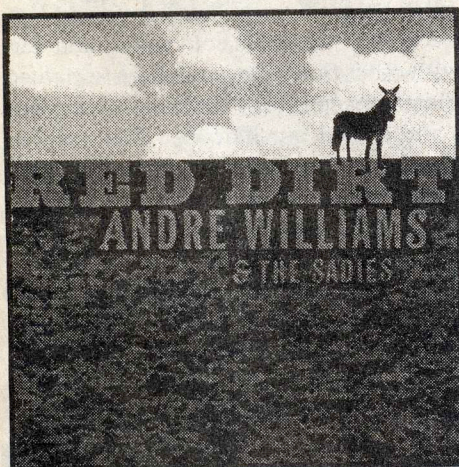
## The Sadies

Oh, the reverb. The Sadies will beat your ass and take your lunch money if you dare call them a surf or spaghetti western band, but it is what it is. Bloodshot calls them surf insurgent country, but I think I can go one better: "Spurf."

Precious Moments is the 1997 album that stands as the last actual Sadies album. They Ann's just sitting on their asses, though. Read on.

## Andre Williams

Sixty-four years old and still groping. Okay, I don't have anything to back up the groping comment, but I do have it on good authority that Andre Williams is a lascivious one. After a seven-inch offering (you know what Andre would think if he read that) with Two-Star Tabernacle last year, Andre has let fly with Red Dirt, a full-length recorded with spurfers the Sadies. The record is a little bit soul, a little bit country. Those who know Andre from his sixties work and his 1998 release on Red Ink Records, Silky, won't be disappointed even though he strays a bit from his usual smooth (even when he's singing about "Pussy Stank")



In their nearly six-year history, Chicago indie label Bloodshot Records has acquired a stable of artists that kick and snort like wild Palominos. They are often lumped into the "No Depression" category, but Bloodshot prefers the term they themselves gave the music: "Insurgent Country" That is, they don't cotton to calling their artists true country purists. No, no. These bands spike their musical punch with good old sight-rending moonshine in the form of crunchy geetar,



**LOVE AND ROCKETS ANNOUNCE BREAKUP;  
WILL PERFORM FAREWELL SHOWS IN L.A.  
ON MAY 9 & 10**

Los Angeles, CA; After fourteen years, seven albums and millions of albums sold, the critically respected, pioneering British trio Love And Rockets, have announced their decision to disband. Coming on the heels of their most recent album, the highly acclaimed *Lift*, a sold-out North American club run and the auspicious one-off reunion tour of the original Bauhaus lineup, Daniel Ash, David J and Kevin Haskins have determined the time to be right to explore other creative avenues. After a string of dates on the West Coast starting on May 2, Love And Rockets will perform their farewell show in Los Angeles on May 9 and 10 at the Roxy Theater.

"I have thoroughly enjoyed working with both Daniel and David over the years," comments Kevin Haskins, drummer for Love And Rockets as well as Bauhaus and Tones on Tail, an offshoot group formed by he and Daniel. "But for right now, we all feel it's time to move on and pursue individual projects," which for Kevin will include composing, remixing and programming in the audiovisual field.

Guitarist/vocalist Daniel Ash, meanwhile, plans to work on film scores and spearhead other collaborative efforts, which to date, remain unspecified. Commenting on the amicable split, Daniel says: "It's been great working with Kev and Dave over the last twenty years. The Love And

Rockets triangle has always been very special and we all feel we are ending on a high note."

Bassist David J, who in addition to Love And Rockets and Bauhaus, has in the past worked with the legendary Jazz Butcher on several projects, will pursue a solo career and further plans to team up with other musicians on future unnamed projects. In a closing statement he said: "Thanks to everyone who has supported us and shared our journey. The path has forked and here's to the future, new century, new horizons, new vision, and new music."



**ZEKE**  
KICKED IN THE  
TEETH

**THE  
BOUNCING  
SOULS**

**THE  
DWARVES**  
ARE YOUNG AND  
GOOD LOOKING

**ALL**  
MASS-NERDER

**AGNOSTIC  
FRONT**  
SOMTHINGS GOTTA.GIVE

**REFUSED**  
THE SHAPE OF PUNK  
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# Open Letter To Tom Waits' Publicist

In a backwater burg such as Salt Lake, we are generally bereft of opportunity to entertain ourselves but for the occasional pig slaughter and/or witch hunt. Granted, the Olympics are coming, we are reminded daily, but for the estimable population unable to slide 90 miles an hour off a ramp 50 feet in the air on one ski, it promises little excitement and certainly no hope. We have a dead lake and a slightly higher than average population of Mormons, but even these world-renowned sources of unending entertainment have become rote to the majority of citizens. We are, as a group, a sad and sorry lot. What, then, could possibly be the benefit of promoting through telephone interview Mr. Waits new album and possible (please, if there is a god who cares) tour in our fair city?

What financial benefit might be seen by granting an interview in a haggard rag such as Salt Lake Under Ground, better known to the occasional crackheads and absinthe fiends who actually pay attention as SLUG magazine? There's certainly an unquestionable boon to making one's telephone number available to Rolling Stone and Spin and their ilk, what with their high nation-wide circulation and enormous advertising revenue. But what of advertisement in a freely distributed regional/national with readers of dubious moral quality?

I'll be honest with you. Damned if I know.

I would like to say that a nationwide census of "rabid Tom Waits aficionado" density would reveal stunning numbers centered in the Wasatch Valley, but how the hell would I know



that? I hope to god the local citizenry stormed their independently-owned-and-operated local record stores at 8:30 AM Tuesday April 27 to demand their copy of Mule Variations, and if it was unavailable set Mom and Pop's Recording Shoppe afire and furthermore hung around to light Chesterfields off the superheated cinder block remains. Who's to say? You've got access to the sales records, so you tell me...

I'd like to say that an interview with Mr. Waits would make us Salt Lakers all better people less prone to legalizing the carrying of concealed weapons, or increase Mr. Waits' album sales by 75.6%, or even save us from the apocalypse and thousand year reign of the Whore of Babylon, but we know that's an inevitability come the striking of the doomsday clock that is New Year's.

If people reading this magazine don't have a clue as to who Tom Waits is, they ought to be ashamed. Then they should immediately purchase Raindogs. It will be inevitable at that point that they acquire the extant canon.

All that being said, when Mr. Waits played Storming Heaven in Healdsburg a couple years ago, I flew from New York to Salt Lake, drove in a pickup truck with my dad to the theatre, slept in the back of the truck in a hotel parking lot, snuck out during Charlie Musselwhite (with no offense to Mr. Musselwhite) to buy a six-pack at the grocery store across the street, stuck it under my shirt, and snuck back into the show. The following hour and a half of Hamms and Waits was sublime. Thank god they didn't allow me to light up a cigarette or the three pleasures simultaneously may have well sent me to an early grave.

I couldn't possibly over-recommend Mule Variations, or any of his previous albums, or the arc of his career. A casual reading of my record reviews in SLUG will find many references to Mr. Waits, as the standard by which I judge other music. I constantly proselytize on his behalf in my personal life, and rarely am I so excited as when something new comes out in the world of Waits. I have on hand a scant few feet away from me at this moment every studio album, two tribute albums, quite a few guest appearances a la Dead Man Walking or Rambling Jack Elliot, and 18 bootlegs, an admission which I ask the police to kindly disregard. I even (urk) post to alt.fan.tom-waits. Point has been made: I'm a big fan. Does that qualify me, or SLUG, as worthy of an interview? Wouldn't think so.

The truth is, SLUG is at heart a punk rock magazine. That's where it started and that heart still beats within. It covers all forms of music and arts in the city, with no prejudices except against bad taste (some would say in favor of bad taste), but it's basically a punk mag. Our typical subject is promoting a worldwide tour of Idaho and Montana. The reader has often heard very little about them. The typical subject would very much like to be discovered and known. Mr. Waits is obviously already known. Whether the typical reader knows the Tropicana-lvar Theatre particulars or not, the man won a Grammy for chrissake. (And would thus be only our second Grammy winner interviewed in SLUG, c.f. Nov. 98 issue titled Ms. Mariah Carey Swallows it All For You).

So the deciding factor in deciding to grant SLUG an interview would be: what is Mr. Waits interested in talking about these days? Obviously by signing with the punk label Epitaph there's a sympathy he has with the same energy SLUG feeds on. I would cite in reference to this sympathy his recording in a chicken coop, banging a two by four against a dresser in lieu of a bass drum, recording using a washing machine and a squeaky hinge as musical instruments, etc. Somewhere in that primal energy is a thread that has lead to a brilliant and inspirational career, and it is the discovery - or at least the search for - that thread that would motivate my interview.

Additionally, if Mr. Waits has ever wanted to call someone a "Candy-Ass Pig Testicle" in print, SLUG happens to be the perfect forum for that as well.

Trevor Williams  
(Capt. America)  
SLUG Magazine  
NYC Correspondent



# FORMERLY LAME ASS CONCERT PREVIEW

If I had a nickel for every time I got laid just because I write for Slug. SIGH. My wife just thinks I'm the coolest.

Anyways, let us pretend that it's May 5th and you've just barged into one of the fine establishments that aren't afraid to carry our quality two-ply rag and swiped a piping hot copy of Slug from the newsstand/floor/back of the toilet. After you finish taking a dump, you may care to take in **Jerry Joseph and the Jack Mormons** at the Hog Wallow. Nothing goes better with post-scat relief than Jerry and a pitcher. Of course, there are times when I'm feelin' irie afterward. In that case, I would try **Royal Bliss** at the Zephyr. The next day is the 6th and from what I gather, someone is trying to boycott porcelain that day so nobody squat, okay? Try to take your mind

that is illegal to advertise in Utah. You will be glad you went. This weekend's choices are blues with **Brother Music** (aka local blues hero from the late 60s and early 70s James Warburton) at the Dead Goat (Friday the 7th), **Lagwagon, All and Wretch Like Me** at Brick's on Saturday the 8th, **Five Fingers of Funk** (Zephyr, Friday and Saturday), good ol' hard rock/metal with **Strykes Twice** at Barbary Coast (also Friday and Saturday). Sunday the 9th at the Zephyr is **Karl Denson's Tiny Universe**, part of the

off of the pressure and hopefully it will abate. As far as live music tonight, **Johnny Mogambo** is at the Zephyr and **Marmalade Hill** is playing at Liquid Joe's. Those who will get a surprise

a crowd. On Blue Monday the 10th, the Dead Goat Saloon has **Studebaker John and the Hawks** (who are also at Beatnik's in Olden on the 11th) and the Great Salt Lake Guitar Company (in Provo) has **Richard Leo Johnson**, a guitarist I warned you all about previously. I'm telling you, the guy is an alien. The things he does with a guitar can neither be performed by nor thought of by a human being. On the 12th **Heather Myles**, whose CD *Highways and Honky Tonks* (Rounder) is simply one of the best country CDs that ever saw the inside of my CD player, is at the Huntsman Center. Also on the 12th you may like to catch **No Motiv** at the Real Ride Skate Park or **Choice of Reign** at the Zephyr. (If you attend the latter, make Jammer do his funny little washboard dance.) Thursday the 13th has the



**Greyboy All-Stars** Sidecar Project. The band consists of members of the Greyboy All-Stars alongside jazz vocalist Andy Bey. Denson did time as Lenny Kravitz's saxophonist and he has released five acclaimed solo albums on Minor Music. Denson was just here a few months ago, so if the Zephyr has booked him again so soon, he must draw

**Kottonmouth Kings** (anybody got something to eat?) and **Hot Sauce Johnson** at Club DV8 or jazz/fusion guitarist **MIKE STERN** at the Zephyr. (HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY SLUG EDITOR)!!!

Lotsa shit crammed into the weekend of the 14th and 15th, so try to keep up. Friday the 14th: **Mike Ness**, singer/guitarist for **Social Distortion**, has a new album titled, *Cheating at Solitaire*. A roots influence has always been present in the music of Social Distortion, but on *Cheating at Solitaire* Ness employs slide guitar, upright bass, pedal steel, horns, mandolins Hammond B-3 and Bruce Springsteen. The stylistic influences range from of course, punk, to rockabilly,

*magstatic*

**EROSION**

*open.mind.shaft*

**SATURDAY MAY 15**  
**\$3.00 SPANKY'S**  
**cover** 45 WEST  
 300 SOUTH

A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS



country and roadhouse blues. One of the best albums of the year. Opening the show will be **Deke Dickerson and the Ecco-fonics**, who were last here in January with Lee Rocker. Don't let him out of playing "Poontang." Latino funkies **Rubberneck**

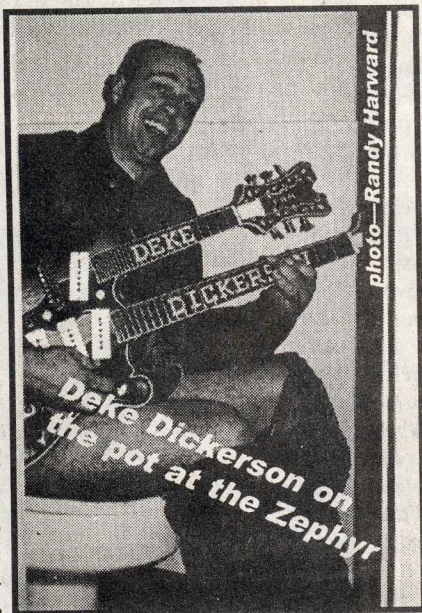
play the first of two nights at the Zephyr on Friday and Perfect Stranger is at the Westerner tonight. Besides Rubberneck's second show on Saturday the 15th, the Wasatch Events Center is playing host to the show of shows. **GWAR** will appear with **Godhead** and **One Minute Silence** that night. **GWAR** are touring in support of their Metal Blade release, *We Kill Everything*. Expect what you have come to expect from Oderus Urugnus and company: blood, shit and other bodily fluids. Maybe a little

music, too. To be fair, the new album is a return to the band's original punk/thrash roots. The subject matter is typical of the **GWAR** we know and love. Song titles include "Jiggle the Handle" (shit fetishists rejoice!) "Nitro-Burnin' Funny Bong," (all the stoners say cooooooolll) and "The Master Has a Butt."

**Godhead** has received some non-musical attention recently due to the tragedy in Littleton, Colorado. Lead vocalist Jason Miller stood up to anti-goth sentiments by writing a letter refuting the claims that the shooters were members of the Gothic 'gang' and stating that the Gothic community does not condone the actions of the two teens. The letter circulated in the Gothic community until it found its way into the hands of ABC news, who tracked Miller down for comment. According to Godhead publicist Rhonda Saenz, Miller has since found himself in the unofficial role as spokesperson for the Gothic community. This show marks the band's third visit to SLC in seven months.

On Sunday, the 16th, the **Asylum Street Spankers** bring risqué ragtime and swing to Ichabob's and **Betty Blowtorch** (formerly Butt Trumpet) are at the Zephyr. On the 17th, the **Find** are at the Zephyr and **Aerosmith** and the **Afghan Whigs** play the E Center. What the fuck is up with THAT bill? There's just not that much in common with these two bands aside from the letter A. (Announcer: "This show is brought to you by the letter A." Children: "Atrophy,

Anarchy, Anus!") Skip to the 19th and find **Guns N Roses** bassist **Duff MacKagan's Loaded** at the Zephyr Club. Duff will have **Taz Bentley** (Rev. Horton Heat, Hillbilly Hellcats) on drums. On that same night, the E Center houses the



**Offspring, the Mighty Mighty Boston's** and **The Living End**. Sea of Jones is at the Zephyr on the 20th, Jerry Joseph returns for another gig at the Hog Wallow on the 21st. For Saturday the 22nd, I know that most of y'all will be at the **B.J.** ("Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head") **Thomas / Juice** ("Queen of Hearts") **Newton** show at the U of U, but keep these alternatives in mind: **Modern English** will play their Burger King serenade at Liquid Joe's, **Ritmo Caliente** (featuring members of

**Salsa Brava**) at the Zephyr and the **Groovie Ghoulies** at Club DV8. Okay, so I'll see you at Club DV8. **My Friend Moses** is at the Zephyr on the 23rd, **The Agents** play the Zephyr and **Kill Holiday** plays the Moroccan of the 24th, the **Donner Party** is at the Zephyr on the 25th and **Magstatic**, (whose recently released full-length *Cruiseline* you really should own) opens for **Clover** at the Zephyr on the 26th. The Back Alley Pub hosts **Nazareth** on the 27th. How many people caught their January performance in Park City that they would return so soon? God help us. Rock to shake your colostomy bag. The alternative is **Yonder Mountain String Band** at the Zephyr. **Discount** and **Hot Water Music** play Club DV8 on the 28th, but stay home and get some rest because you'll need it for the **Doobie Brothers** on the 29th at Franklin

Covey Field. I'm not kidding. How can you beat congregating on the grass outfield consuming concession stand fare like greasy pizza and watered down, ten dollar beer? Not to mention the **Doobies** are timeless fucking classics. Come on, sing along. "Take you by the hand, yeah/take you by the hand pretty mama/gonna dance with your daddy (?) all night long/like to hear some funky Dixieland/pretty mama gonna take you by the hand" Still serious. Last time I went to a classic rock show there, I was kissed by a total stranger while Pat Benatar played in the background. (Hey, it wasn't violins, but one man's cheese is another man's romance.) I'm going back for more.

So that wraps it up for May. In June, expect the likes of **Tony Furtado**, **Cheap Trick** (both at the Zephyr: Furtado on the 4th and 5th, Cheap Trick on the 6th) **Bob Dylan** and **Paul Simon** (!) at the Delta Center on the 9th, **Rammstein** (fart) and **Soulfly** (better) at the Wasatch Events Center on the 15th and **Duke Robillard** (Roomful of Blues, Robert Gordon, Fabulous Thunderbirds in addition to his fine solo work) plays the Utah Arts Festival on the 24th.

—Randy Haward

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# Miracle Cure: Placebo Plays

Interview with Bassist Stefan Olsdal

If you happen to recall this particular Friday night, you were probably driving in the blizzard. If you happened to be driving, chances are you have the dents to prove it. No matter how often it snows, people in Utah still forget how to drive in it. Somehow, people still showed up in full force for the Stabbing Westward/Placebo gig at the Tower Theatre.

Placebo took the stage at about 8:30 and opened with the heavy-hitting "Sacred of Girls" which primed the crowd for what was to be, as drummer Steve Hewitt put it, "a wicked gig." The majority of the set was composed of Placebo's more guitar-driven tunes. This included the mandatory singles "Nancy Boy," "Every You, Every Me," "36 Degrees," and its current hit "Pure Morning." They did, however, manage to sneak in "Lady of the Flowers" and "Without You I'm Nothing," which the mosh pit couldn't get with but the lovesick girls probably enjoyed because lead singer Brian Molko got to say things like, "her hypnotic eyes" and "she lays me."

Molko's androgynous sex appeal aside, he is a diamond in the "alternative rock" ruff. His lyrics compliment his vocals by eluding description and begging for it at the same time. He rambled off a poem about the Prophet and kindly requested water for the public up front. From where I stood, they looked like they could use it.

That or some towels.

Hewitt looked pretty sweaty himself, exerting more energy than most mosh pit warriors ever hope to gather. And while both Hewitt and Molko gave impressive performances, it was bassist Stefan Olsdal who gave the public a show. Extending his fret board toward the audience, Olsdal accomplish many an erotic dance against the back of his bass intent upon seducing new fans onto Planet Placebo.

Here's some Q and A with Olsdal:

**SLUG:** What did you think of the Salt Lake show?

**Olsdal:** We didn't know what to expect. We walked on stage quite apprehensive and ended up having a really good show and the crowd was great. We had a really good time with some fans outside as well, had some really good chats, and felt really warmly welcomed and walked out of there feeling really, really happy actually. It was great.

**SLUG:** Has it been difficult to go from headliners in Britain to an opening act on this tour?

**Olsdal:** It's a co-headlining tour. We knew just because we're famous in Europe doesn't mean that we're gonna automatically be famous here and we've been in this situation

many times before in our career. We really wanna make it work over here. I think our music can work here. I mean, this is the fourth time we've been

here in the States and it's the best it's ever been, so we know we've gotta work it step-by-step. Every time we get here the bigger the shows and the better they get.

**SLUG:** I keep hearing rumors of a backstage guitarist. Does this person exist?

**Olsdal:** We have a guy who plays keyboards on a couple tracks. He plays bass on one song and he's backstage on his own behind my bass amp. It's his choice not to be seen. When we record the albums, we play more instruments than we can handle ourselves, so sometimes, to reproduce it live, he helps us out.

**SLUG:** What made you choose the name Placebo?

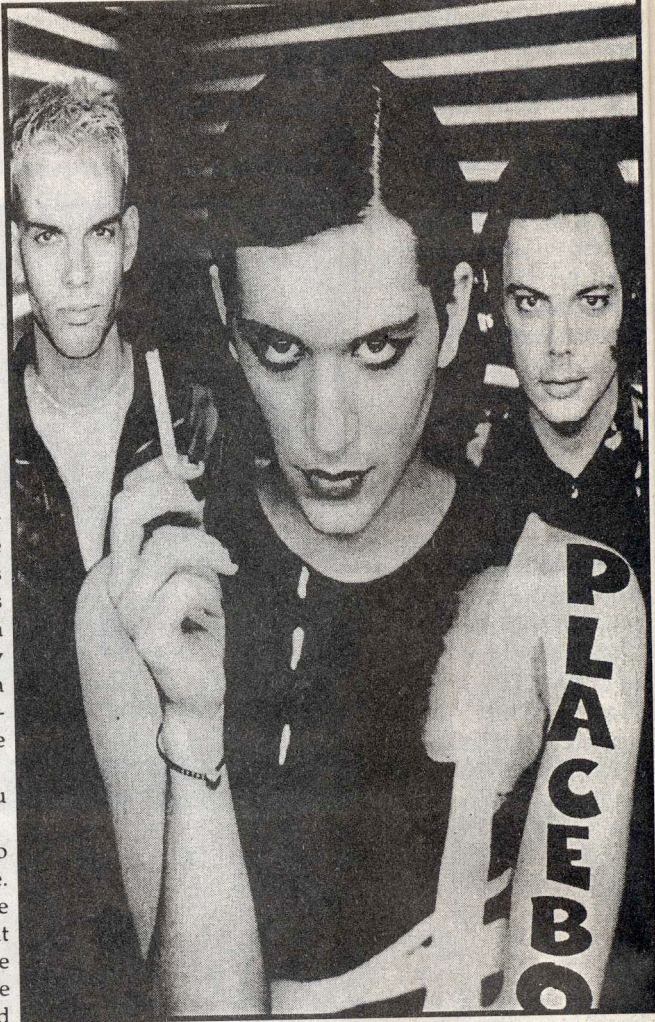
**Olsdal:** It's a tough one to choose a really good name. This one seemed to be the one that was sort of the better out of the ones we had. At the time we chose the name, there were bands around that named themselves after drugs that actually worked like Codeine and Morphine. We thought it'd be quite fun to have a drug that didn't actually work, sort of a deceptive little pill.

**SLUG:** If you weren't in the band, how do you imagine yourself making a living?

**Olsdal:** I'd probably still be in school. I had to quit all my music studies when the band took off. I'd probably pursue a career in producing, music teacher or something. But now I can't see myself doing anything else. This is my life and I plan it to be that way until we run dry.

**SLUG:** What kinds of things inspire your music?

**Olsdal:** It's pretty much the places we go and the mood of that particular day and also music we listen to. We listen to a lot of dance music now when we get tired of guitar-based music. We listen to a lot of bands like Aphex Twin, Talvin Singh, we enjoy bands like that. This tour we've been writing a lot and doing soundtracks. We're gonna look back on these songs and remember where we wrote them. It's basically where you're at and if you're really hungover, you're probably going to play something quite tender to not damage your ears, your sensitive ears, during a hangover. If you're in New York and you're wiped



out by the energy of the city it usually comes to in some form in the music.

**SLUG:** Of today's music what are you listening to?

**Olsdal:** A lot of dance music of the bands I told you of also a lot of old disco. Barry White, early Michael Jackson, Abba and stuff like that. You know, to shake off the blues, sort of dancing around the bus to old disco hits is great.

**SLUG:** If you were to put together the perfect band, who would be in it?

**Olsdal:** A Swedish singer called Stina Nordenstam, who is got a lovely, tender little voice. Probably Martin Gore from Depeche Mode because I admire him a lot. Probably have Bach in there as well for a good baroque measure and Steve, our drummer, on drums, because he's excellent.

**SLUG:** How do you envision the band in future?

**Olsdal:** Long and fruitful. Hopefully without repeating ourselves and continually reinventing our sound, I think that is very important. By the time we're fifty, the same age as Bowie, to be in the situation he is in because we find that very inspiring. Longevity is what we're in for.

—Abbey Smith



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# JELLO BIAFRA



Where does one begin with Jello Biafra? The volume of work he's produced is overwhelming. There are five spoken word albums out in the big wide world and two of them are three compact disc sets. That's something like 13 or more hours of his thoughts. While there are some pretty hysterical times the discs are filled with more thought provoking information than the mind can comprehend. And yet, to the general public, the name Jello Biafra is unknown. While preparing for a conversation with Biafra I asked a dozen members of the human race if they were familiar with the name. "Do you know who Jello Biafra is?" Only two or three did. Believe it or not all of the individuals supposedly work in the "music industry."

Is Biafra a forgotten man today? Just in case an uninformed person has stumbled across a copy of SLUG - Jello Biafra was the leader of the Dead Kennedys. He is also a member of Lard. He has recorded with Nomeansno and with D.O.A. He is the owner of Alternative Tentacles Records. Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables remains to this day one of the most influential punk rock recordings ever released. Record label founder, punk rock pioneer, political activist - American satirist and forgotten. Maybe that's how he likes it?

The good people of Soularium, virtually the only concert promoter interested in bringing decent entertainment to Salt Lake City at the present time, will present a Jello Biafra spoken word performance. The date is May 19 and the place is the University of Utah's Union Ballroom. Like a fool I thought a chat with Biafra might be informative. It was informative, but the entire experience had me so stressed out that I could barely think.

Sleep was nearly impossible the night before. Panic and anxiety attacks plagued me through the day. Why become so stressed out over a chat with a forgotten man? Well, have a listen to *If Evolution Is Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Evolve* or have a listen to *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables*.

*"You're a star bellied sneech you suck like a leech, you want everyone to act like you."*

Now that's a lyric to tell your boss. At the time "Holiday In Cambodia" had special meaning for me because my boss was named Leech. But never mind that. Biafra basically describes America as a police state run by corporations and filled with slaves on *If Evolution Is Outlawed, Only Outlaws Will Evolve*. America is the new Soviet Union! Privatized prisons, the drug war, work fare instead of welfare, broken labor unions, service sector workers, homelessness, corporate owned media and don't forget the SUV. That's what the Gulf War was all about. Look around and

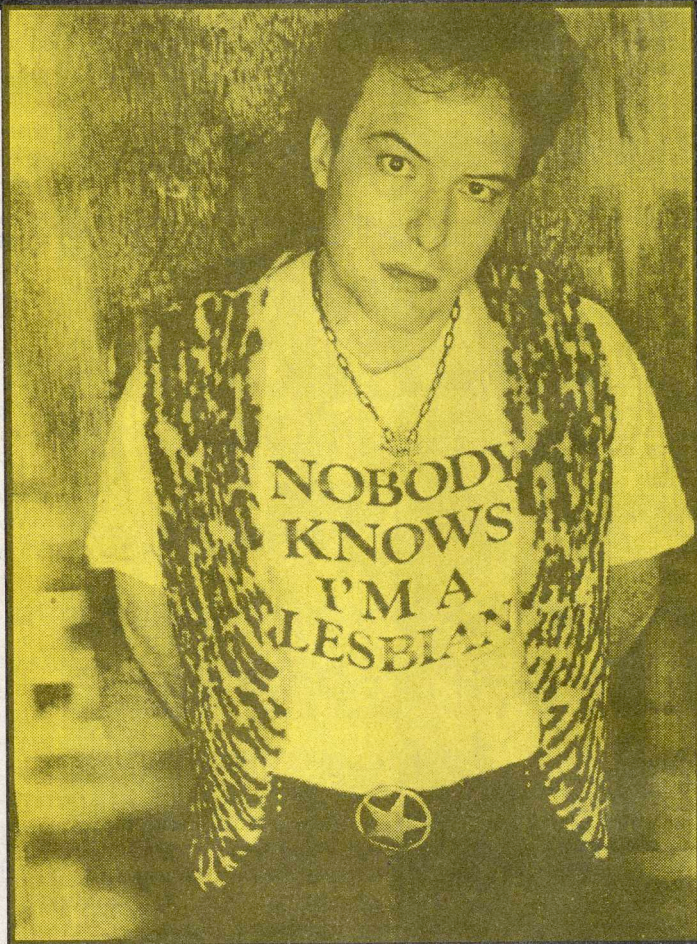
see if he's wrong. In Salt Lake City police shoot a man armed with a pair of scissors. Lunging at a police officer with a pair of scissors is worthy of the death penalty? I'm confused. Not only was Biafra an influence on me during a growth period, he remains an influence today and besides, he's obviously a lot smarter. I was preparing to interview a man who never sold out and still became something of a success.

So I dialed the number. Biafra's answering machine picked up. I foolishly skipped the messages and began speaking. Biafra picked up. He wasn't happy with the connection and he had me call back. This time I listened to the messages. The first concerned the Dallas/Ft. Worth Crime Prevention Resource Center.

Apparently Goths are the latest to achieve "gang" classification. Yes, Goths are now a gang - at least

in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. The second message was about our own Senator Orrin Hatch and his methods for spotting teenagers on marijuana. Any teenager who is interested in society's problems is probably using marijuana. This according to Orrin Hatch. I have made an inquiry and I will soon have a copy of his instruction manual although, too late for this piece. Next Biafra had me check my recorder to make sure it was functioning. A blank tape would spell disaster. All was well and we commenced.

I mentioned Orrin Hatch. Biafra chuckled and said, "I wish I knew more details on that, but that's all I've got. I wonder how many people are going to abstain from smoking pot just because Orrin Hatch tells them it's a political activity. What on earth are they thinking. There's even this new anti-drug ad that just came on TV that shows all these different situations where people can buy joints in the grocery store and everything else and think God, what a great idea, this is the way it should be! And then they say, 'This is what your child goes through every day with marijuana.' It's not going to get anybody to stop smoking pot.



It's just gonna get everybody to laugh. What are they thinking? This is their brain on the drug war. For a little while it looked like I was going to be on Politically Correct with Senator Orrin Hatch, but he ultimately declined."

Straight out of the gate Biafra began disseminating information on how ridiculous the drug war is. When informed that Orrin Hatch has something like seven record albums Biafra remarked, "Oh my God," and later, "That's something that should go in my collection, I still haven't gotten the Jack Kevorkian jazz album and now I find out Vladimir Zhirinovsky just put out an album. They just ran a photo of him, of course with a barely dressed girl in his lap, celebrating at his CD release party." Shouldn't everyone have Kevorkian, Zhirinovsky and Hatch CDs to go with the Marilyn and Charles Manson discs already in their collections? Biafra demonstrates once again why I was both excited and intimidated by the thought of speaking with him. Mention a subject and he'll come up with a completely unexpected comment, analysis or opinion.

When I informed him that Gladys Knight



was now a Mormon convert and that she had recorded an Orrin Hatch song or two he said, "What's the current Mormon doctrine on whether or not a black person can get into heaven? It used to be that a black person couldn't get into heaven." I'm not that closely affiliated with the Mormons to know what their doctrine is. I couldn't answer the question and Biafra said, "That's still really creepy. I wonder what was going on with Gladys there." After commenting that Orrin Hatch writes "inspirational" songs Biafra's next comment was, "Probably not nearly as inspirational as Zhirinovsky's album. Before it looked like he was going to take over Russia, two years earlier he was selling leather jackets and patches at a heavy metal boutique in Moscow."

How about the Goth message and current events? Here is Biafra again. "That message was on the machine long before Littleton happened. It was just when I got a bulletin from Rock Out Censorship about this Crime Prevention Resource Center in Fort Worth where these lunatic cops were claiming Goth kids were in gangs as dangerous as Crips or Bloods and the kids should be institutionalized for listening to Marilyn Manson and anybody who looks Goth should be monitored at the school library as to what they check out and what they look up on the internet." The preceding was pretty much how the "interview" began. We moved from Goth gangs to Salt Lake City's police categorized straight edge gangs, to the history of straight edge to heavy metal music and Jesse Ventura. At every turn Biafra continued my indoctrination. Ventura came up after Biafra commented that a mullet head had never held political office and I thought up Jesse Ventura. He had some thoughts on Venutura's election and political philosophy. "What stronger statement do you need that Americans see right through the one-party state masquerading as a two-party state than people feeling that they have no one to vote for than a professional wrestler for Governor. Ventura may stop being fun real fast since he's right wing Libertarian after all. He doesn't believe in restrictions on drug laws or prostitution laws or gun laws. He believes in as little government funding for services as possible. I don't buy that whole Libertarian doctrine that all taxes are automatically bad. They're not. Some body's got to keep the school system decent and provide the necessary services for the social safety net and keep the roads repaired. As much as I'd rather get rid of government all together I think we need some form of government body to transfer the wealth from people who have too much to people who have too little. People aren't going to do it out of the goodness of their hearts. You don't see people like Bill Gates, Donald Trump or Michael Jordan doing it that's for sure. Does anybody really need 45 billion bucks? My God! That's when making the money becomes an addiction and then an addictive game. I think that wealth addiction has done far more damage to the world than all the drug addicts put

together." I was left speechless, but he wasn't finished and his next words concerned an interesting concept he has addressed in the past.

"The best way to cure wealth addicts of their disease is to enact a maximum wage law. It's in the California Green Party's platform. They don't name a specific number, but as far as I'm concerned you cut everybody off at a hundred thousand bucks, a pretty damn nice comfy cushion to live on, take everything else and put it into the public coffer. The reward being free education for all, free medical care for all, a lot better upgrading of our infrastructure and park land and all. Free transportation, including air-travel anywhere." After revealing a dream for a utopian society that I'm sure will be dismissed as pure socialism and the end of life as we know it, we paid a visit to Provo. His first spoken word disc, No More Cocoons, has a piece titled "May All Your Dreams Be Wonderful" An experience at the Provo Canyon Boys School is related. For some unknown reason I've always believed that Biafra spent some time there. It isn't mentioned in anything I've read on him, but I asked probably the dumbest question of the entire experience and after his comments I'll leave with a parting shot. "It was probably because of the way I wrote the piece. A 'you are there' scenario instead of just a straight narrative. First basing it on news articles I'd read about those places and then people started coming out of the woodwork

who had been imprisoned in those places. Telling me their stories."

Interestingly enough the current issue of SPIN has an article on "Teen Help" and sure enough, Utah is still involved, but Biafra informed me that the practice of kidnapping and imprisoning children is growing. Here are some more of his comments on the piece. "It hadn't occurred to me before that there might be a kick-back system between principals, assistant principals or counselors and these schools for sending them live fish and all. Also, even more in the financial interest of the schools, to lock a kid up if they've got insurance. Insurance runs out, 'Okay, you're cured now see ya.' One person who had been locked up in one of the Provo schools, and

there were at least three at the time I interviewed him, said that another person in there was the son of a famous pro football quarterback who went out and robbed a gas station the day he got out of the place...or let's say right after he got out of the place. All of the people I've talked to who have been in these places said that the relationship with their parents had never been good again."

Here's the parting shot. The question was on the topic of low power FM radio stations. The FCC is studying such a concept because they certainly realize what the Telecommunications Act of 1996 has done to music and thought. "After all, with everything being corporatised and censored, graffiti is the last form of free speech. Cyber-graffiti via the Internet, pirate radio and a good old can of spray paint. Those are the last frontiers of free speech. Let's not forget independent zines." The conversation was by no means complete. Call this a small capsule of Jello Biafra's philosophy. There is some hope and I'm sure he'll address the hope side when he speaks. Again. The date is May 19, the place is the University of Utah and the person is Jello Biafra. Remember the song "Kill the Poor" from SLC Punk? That's Jello Biafra and he never decided he'd been a poseur or went to Harvard Law School.

—Boracho

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*"I'm not some sort of Luddite,  
survivalist fanatic..."*

—Jello Biafra

on why he moved into the computer age (and  
uses MAC computers - bless his heart!!!!)

## CRASS DISMISSED

—Jeb Branin

### RATOS DE PORAO

#### Carniceria Tropical

R.D.P. have been around just about a week shy of forever and these boys from Brazil have consistently delivered the goods time and time again, but on "Carniceria Tropical" they up the ante. WAY up. This is extreme hard-core as it was meant to be played: take-no-prisoner intensity mixed with rip-out-your-throat power violence styled mayhem. After 10 albums one might be tempted to believe that R.D.P. had played all their cards. Not so. In some ways this harkens back to the earlier days of the band and their Swedish crust influences but for the most part this shows the band launching themselves in a new direction, one that is light years removed from the metal influenced crossover of their last few albums and more along the lines of CAPITALIST CASUALTIES flavored hysteria. A royal flush of an album without a doubt. (Alternative Tentacles PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092 or <http://www.alternativetentacles.com>)

### NO REST FOR THE DEAD

#### Earthling From Mars Demo Cassette

This absolutely mind blowing Japanese band has been picked up by Rich Hoak's Deaf American label and will have a digital project on the streets in the near future but if you have a chance to pick up this demo you need to do so. These guys are totally wild. They

take the most ferocious hard-core grind sound imaginable and insert into it a totally trippy 70s hard rock psychedelic funk guitar sound. The combination works much better than I had anticipated because neither sound is used to diminish the delivery of the other. In fact, both sounds are integrated so effectively that they add to each other nicely providing not only

flavoring but counterpoise. I can't wait for the CD!

(<http://www.geocities.com/sunset-strip/9607>)

### MANGE / Disillusioned

Damn. The little I had heard from this band in no way hinted to how intense this shiny platter was going to be. Ruthless sludge-violence played with all the discordant ugliness this trio of hard-core heavyweights could muster. Their harsh dirge counterpoised by pummeling bursts of grinding speed kept me slightly off balance through the first listen because I wasn't quite sure what to expect next; which is a good thing in my book. Nothing is more boring than a predictable album. Subsequent listens allowed me to enjoy the crushing density of the noise that could almost be called complex. Sick dual vocals add to the strength of the delivery and give it a cool grindcore edge. If NATO really wanted to do some damage they would forgo their bombing of foreign nations and instead opt to drop crates of MANGE discs on their enemies. (\$10 U.S./\$12 World to Half Life Records PO Box 5160, Hacienda Heights, CA, 91745-0160 or [halflifex@aol.com](mailto:halflifex@aol.com) or <http://members.home.net/jellobung/mange>)

### NOKTURNAL MORTEM

#### To The Gates Of Blasphemous Fire

This is definitely not what I was expecting from this band! On their previous platter "Goat Horns" NOKTURNAL MORTEM proved to be a solid symphonic (almost ambient) black metal act. Usually bands in that vein tend to get more and more "ethereal" with each release, straying further and

further from the metal sound that spawned them. But on "To The Gates Of Blasphemous Fire" N.M. go in the exact opposite direction. They have opted for a faster, heavier, rawer, more metallic sound. They still have swirling, haunting keys and a grandiose delivery but everything is stripped down and more intense than on their previous album. They sound more dense and more powerful than ever. I think this was a brilliant move by the band and should catapult them to the skull throne of black metal supremacy where they will sit on the right hand of Hades. Listening to NOKTURNAL MORTEM has gone from an aural experience to a visceral one. Without a doubt the most complete and devastating black metal album of this (admittedly young)

year. (The End Records 556 S. Fair Oaks #101-111, Pasadena, CA 91105 or <http://www.theendrecords.com>)

### CIVIL CARNAGE

#### Abomination in the House of God

Ouch. This disc is out to wreak some serious eardrum damage. To grasp CIVIL CARNAGE you've got to imagine taking the sewer growls of MORTICIAN style death metal and adding it to a freaked out and frenzied musical assault that has flavors of everything from hard-core to noise rock to grind to death. Especially death. At first listen you might even think this as nothing more than "yet another" death metal album, but upon closer inspection you'll hear that there is a lot more than that going on. The band are striving for something more from their sound. Most of the time they succeed. There are a couple of awkward moments where things seem to deteriorate into confusion but those times are limited and don't detract from the delivery of the album. Most of the time they generate a forceful barrage of grinding may-



hem that has enough brutality to make it good and enough diversity to keep it interesting. Not to mention the jazz piano...

—Jeb

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## "Comedy Is Tragedy Plus Time"

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes are supposed to suck. Really fucking hard. Christ, who wants to hear punk rock kinda-sortas wheezing and crutching through John Denver and Barry Manilow? Sounds as fun as sucking sanitary pucks out of urinals and sniffing the plastic tops of post-fartal bar stools at the Elks Lodge on a Wednesday night in the middle of North Dakota, right? Nah, punk rocker. They've got two weapons in their arsenal that still kicks your band's ass while stealing both your girlfriend and your grandmother: savvy musical diplomacy to bring joy to all those in diapers (both infantile and senile), conjuring the rarefied ability to lace together a daisy chain of international joy for all ages and the wide-toothed humor to make you not even realize in the slightest that you may be starting some of the first pits in the world to your mommy's favorite show tunes or Simon and Garfunkel's "Bridge Over Troubled Waters."

Pioneers. Real chances. The blurring of boundaries. Lots of pills, drink, and as many fat women that could fill a Greyhound. That's the formula for Me First and the Gimme Gimmes. Strap 'em on and start poking things for the pure pleasure of it. That's what they'll make you do.

When you read this interview, there are many alcohol-saturated, delayed reactions to questions, so keep in mind that many answers to questions come in the middle of other explanations.

### Cast

**Spike:** Vocals

**Fat Mike:** Bass

**Dave the Mute:** Drummer

**Joey:** Guitar

**Jackson:** Guitar-missing

**SLUG:** The question remains. Why?

**Mike:** You know why? Because we wanted to be in a band a lot more fun than our other bands. Our other bands we have to take seriously at some point and this band... we don't.

**SLUG:** What type of selection process do you have for this band? I mean, why you guys?

**Joey:** You have to drink a lot of alcohol to be in this band.

**Mike:** At least half a six pack.

**SLUG:** So who's in the band now? Give me your name and your title.

**Mike:** I'm Fat Mike, human pez dispenser.

**Dave:** ...[struggling]... I'm... Dave...

**Joey:** He's our drummer.

**Spike:** I'm Spike, ear, nose, and throat.

**Joey:** I'm Joey. I'm the untightness coordinator of the band. I take care of the, you know, sloppy ends of the band.

**Spike:** When you want something sloppy, Joey gets the job done.

**Joey:** That's why they got me. They didn't want to be too good. They say the key to every

really good alternative band is having one really poor musician in the band and that's me.

**SLUG:** What are the worst conditions you've played under, either venue, personal, or audience?

**Joey:** It was Berlin at the Franken.

**Spike:** We didn't play there, we did drugs there.

**Mike:** Yeah. We did a four date European tour and between the coke, and the Valiums, and the Vicadins, and the Bushmills...

**Spike:** ...And the wine...

**Mike:** ...I think it was our best show.

**SLUG:** The music that you cover. Is it homage or satire?

**Mike:** Homage.

**Joey:** It's Amish, actually.

**Mike:** Our new album is show tunes.

**Spike:** How many people are going to rock out to show tunes?

**Mike:** You can never rock out to show tunes.

**Spike:** They're going to fucking laugh. They're going to laugh out loud. At us!

**Mike:** What we're doing is bridging the generation gap from kids to parents to grandparents. Parents and kids will have something to talk about. They can relate to show tunes.

**SLUG:** So you're like musical diplomats.

**Mike:** Exactly right.

**SLUG:** You're like the U.N.?

**Mike:** We're bridging the generation gap.

**SLUG:** Can you play it for your grandparents?

**All:** Yeah.

**Mike:** We're really trying to break the 40-and-over crowd.

**SLUG:** OK, what was the band that inspired this band?

**Mike:** Years ago, I thought, Man, I'd love to do old Neil Diamond songs and old folk guitar songs and make them punk rock - that'd be great. And Joey thought the same thing.

**Joey:** I was living with our other guitar player, who's not here right now, and we were living together and we had a list on our refrigerator of all these cheesy 70s songs that we thought would be cool to do punk rock and then Mike came up and stole our idea telepathically. It was really kind of a drag, and now he's sort of like the leader, which I think is really unfair. Jake Jackson should be the leader of this affair. In all seriousness, I think the reason that we both agreed on is that we both write songs in our bands, and I think the idea is that any good song comes out in formatting and style. You could take a good song that would make people cringe, but if you put it in a format or a style that they enjoy...

**Mike:** Nobody wants to hear Barry Manilow's "Mandy," but it's a great song.

**Spike:** Now they do.

**Mike:** Now they do. We're easing them into it. We're making people realize. We're visionary...

**Spike:** People will realize this in fifteen years. Same thing with Duran Duran. When it came out, people couldn't stand it and everyone in junior high school was listening to that kind of garbage and then you give it ten years.

**Joey:** We're older. What did Alan Alda say?

**Spike:** "Comedy is tragedy plus time," Alan Alda said in "Crimes and Misdemeanors."

**Joey:** All of their songs are fucking tragic.

**Spike:** But fundamentally, Duran Duran has great fucking songs.

**SLUG:** Have you ever thought of re-writing a song, in a middle of a song, like a chorus.

**Mike:** We do. A lot. We do "Don't Cry for Me Argentina." It doesn't have enough choruses so we threw in three choruses.

**SLUG:** What were the choruses?

**Mike:** Oh, the same, but we rearranged the song. And at the end of "Summertime," we wrote a new ending.

**Dave:** And sometimes live, I'll just personally decide to put a stop in a song but I won't tell them. I'll just stop.

**Joey:** It's like a guitar break. A lot of improvisation. That's when the best type of stuff happens.

**Dave:** Creativity of the band is what really gets it live. If you haven't seen this band live, you don't really know anything about it.

**SLUG:** How many times, total, have you played?

**Mike:** I'd say thirteen.

**Spike:** I'd say fourteen or fifteen.

**Joey:** No, that's wrong. It was twelve.

**Dave:** Only one that I could remember.

**Mike:** I'm the leader and I say that it's fourteen.

**SLUG:** What's the first mood music, the actual song, that worked for you?

**Spike:** I'd have to say Steely Dan.

**Dave:** Circle One. Every single time. "Fuck Off."

**Spike:** Stevie Wonder.

**SLUG:** Spike, singing lessons. Last time we talked, you were raspy as hell from singing the night prior.





**Mike:** No cocaine and no whisky helps Spike's voice.

**Spike:** Yeah, yeah.

**Joey:** So, NA is the only product endorsement.

**Mike:** We're not only bringing back the old songs of the 70s, we're bringing back the whole mentality.

**SLUG:** Have you ever met any

of fat girls in my wallet. I dated this one girl who was three times Cindy Lauper... [Spike gasps with glee and jealousy]... with bright red hair and dressed just like her, but you know... it was good.

**Spike:** And they stunk. They fucked like beasts.

**Mike:** It was sloppy sex. It was a three day affair but it was slo-

py. Juice was everywhere. It was a srunny.

**Joey:** And he didn't shower

**"It was sloppy sex. It was a three day affair but it was sloppy. Juice was everywhere. It was runny"**

militant anti-Gimme Gimme people?

**Mike:** Joey got assaulted by lesbians.

**Joey:** I was completely accosted. It was awful.

**SLUG:** How?

**Joey:** I was hanging out at this club called Covered Wagon. And this guy comes up to me and says, "Hey dude, are you, like, in Lagwagon?" or something like that, and I'm like, oh man, this conversation is going to be a bad-die already and then he said something about Me First and the Gimme Gimmes and immediately this girl unleashes a tirade about Me First (an all girl SF band) and then some other girl smashed a bottle on my head. It was a long night.

**SLUG:** Where?

**Spike:** Stinky's Peep Show at the Covered Wagon.

**Joey:** It's my favorite club.

**Mike:** It's the best club I've ever been to in my life.

**Spike:** Not even San Francisco, in the nation.

**Spike:** The dancers are half naked and they do enema peep shows. Like borderline legal...

**Joey:** Female wrestlers. That type of deal.

**Mike:** Spike and Joey and I, we all like fat women. Actually, totally seriously.

**Joey:** Yeah, I've sort of given it up. I've been going to meetings.

**Mike:** Some of my hottest dates have been with fat girls.

**SLUG:** Really?

**Mike:** Absolutely. I'm not shitting you.

**SLUG:** Any pictures?

**Mike:** No. I've been married for six years. I don't carry pictures

once in those three days.

**Mike:** No shit.

**SLUG:** What activity have people done while listening to your music that you were kind of astonished by?

**Joey:** What about those two guys in the front row at that Berlin show? They were like, doing it. That was pretty of weird.

**Mike:** Dry.

**Joey:** Yeah, dry. No lubricant. Nothing.

**Spike:** Once these guys were beating the shit out of people, and it was during a Barry Manilow song.

**Joey:** We can't control our audience.

**Mike:** That was our first show at the Chameleon. We were like, It's our first show. It's going to be so fun, and everybody got beat up.

**Spike:** But, anyway, if you can make a fucking Barry Manilow song to drive people to fucking beat each other up, then you're doing something right. It's manifest destiny.

**Mike:** You know what's going to happen? In about five years, some band is going to come along and do what we do and sell it to radio and MTV and they'll get huge doing it.

**Joey:** They'll burn our whole deal.

**SLUG:** Any future concepts for albums?

**Joey:** A Skrewdriver cover album. One side is the Subhumans, the other is Skrewdriver. Killer.

**SLUG:** In the style of?

**Mike:** Bar-b-que style.

—Todd

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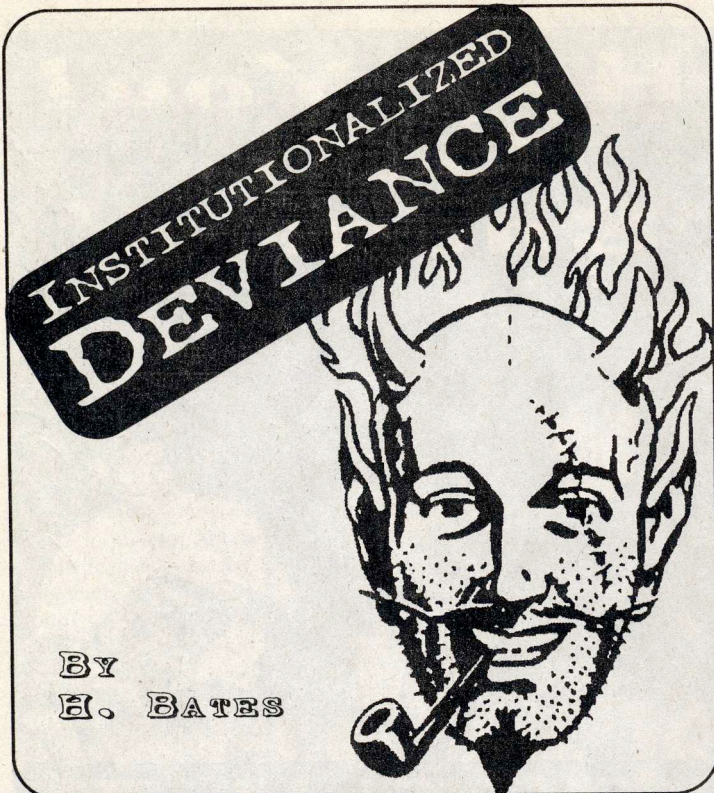
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BY  
H. BATES

A couple months ago a young woman with a history of mental illness walked into a local gun shop and purchased a handgun which she later used to kill and injure several people at the Triad Center.

This month, an elderly gentleman with a history of mental illness was able to obtain a handgun, which he used to kill and injure several more people at the L.D.S. Church Family History Library in downtown Salt Lake City. Unfortunately, the carnage didn't end there. Several days after the shooting in Salt Lake, two young men went on a rampage at the High School they attended in

Littleton, Colorado and executed thirteen of their classmates and teachers before turning their weapons on themselves.

In the aftermath of these brutal and senseless slayings, L.D.S. Church President, Gordon B. Hinkley, publicly commented that we as a community should take steps to eliminate the unlimited access to hand guns that led to these tragedies. This is the same person who was forced to publicly state that concealed weapons should not be allowed into places of worship, regardless of the states extremely liberal concealed weapons law. Thank goodness the President had the

courage and wisdom to make these assertions publicly; to interject some common sense into a political discourse which seemed bereft of any practical considerations at all. One can only imagine the turmoil being felt at the State Capitol in the wake of President Hinkley's comments. In a state where the lines between church and state are often blurred beyond recognition, this is no small event. On one hand, Governor Leavitt and a large majority of our state legislators are members of the L.D.S. Church and Republican. This a group that has historically smashed any and all efforts to legislate even the most common sense forms of gun control in Utah.

Furthermore, the gun lobby has spent large sums of money to insure that these politicians remain loyal to their cause. On the other hand, the most important spiritual leader in the state has made it clear that current Utah law is not sufficient to prevent these kind of tragedies from happening. What's a good Mormon politician to do?

State Senator Lane Beatty suggests that now is not a time to do anything rash, that we should commission a study of the problem before proposing any legislation. He says that we should be wary of proposing a bad piece of legislation as an emotional response to the bloodshed we have seen over and over on the local and national news. That it would

be better to do nothing at all than overreact. Governor Leavitt and Congressman Merrill Cook echoed these sentiments and also recommended we study the problem. I have to wonder who is going to pay for this study. The N.R.A.?

The Utah Shooting Sports Association? No sir. I bet it will be that taxpayers who will foot the bill. Which brings me to the greatest irony of all. The families of the victims who died in the Triad shooting and the Family History Building shooting will end up paying for a portion of a study of a problem that they are so acutely and painfully aware exists. That the proliferation of guns in Utah and the ease in which they are obtained contributes to the shooting deaths of its citizens.

Meanwhile, on a national level, The N.R.A., which had scheduled their convention in Denver a week following the Colorado massacre, failed to cancel the convention as was suggested by many of Colorado's political and social leaders. Rather, they trimmed their meeting down to one day. This was supposed to show the N.R.A.'s concern for the victims and their families. I'm sure the parents of some of those children who were murdered feel real warm and fuzzy because of this. A nice thought for them to take to their child's funeral no doubt.

— H. Bates

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# OUTSIGHT

Outsight brings to light non-mainstream music, film, books, art, ideas and opinions.

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Email Outsight at [outsight@usa.net](mailto:outsight@usa.net)

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN DOWN UNDERGROUND

American blues and jazz finds better reception in Europe. Will Electric Frankenstein put out their new album *ROCK & ROLL MONSTER* on Australia's Au-Go-Go Records on CD and vinyl. The New Jersey group starts off paying respect to The Germs with "A Singer's Blood/Naked Heat" features the "Sex Boy" rhythm. Our nation's premier riff-punk group also covers fun Things, Misfits, Negative Trend and F-Word.

The fact that EF is tuned in to Australia's Fun Things show these savage rockers are tuned in to the rich downunder punk scene. Au-Go-Go is too and they just put out *A ROOT AND A BEER* from The Chosen Few of the late 70s Melbourne punk scene. Having started out as a heavy metal act named Deathwish, the group allowed the sounds of America's The Stooges, MCD and Blue Oyster Cult seduce them into something meaner and heavier that eventually became very rowdy and punk. So it all goes full circle and know you can enjoy the beer-spewing antics of the originals and choice covers from The Sonics, and Australia's Coloured Balls and Radio Birdman.

## ONCE TAINTED, TWICE SHY

About ten years ago I auditioned to sing for a band. They passed me over and went on to California. As far as I know, at least some members of that group (The Meanies) are rocking and rolling out on the West Coast and I am just here writing about it. That's just as well because the songs they asked me to sing has been a guilty pleasure of mine and now is out on CD. Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" is a quirky but giant step into 80s keyboard skinny tie rock. And now *NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET*, the album that housed that chestnut (and such other memorable ditties as "Sex Dwarf" and "Say Hello, Wave

Goodbye") is out as a mid-priced CD reissue. Also out on the Chronicles/Mercury (but purely for obsessive completists) is their succeeding titles *NON STOP ECSTATIC DANCING*, *THE ART OF FALLING APART* and *THIS LAST NIGHT IN SODOM* along with (and much more interesting) *THE TWELVE INCH SINGLES COLLECTION* of each and every 12" A- and B-Side issued by the group.

## VIDEO

**Richard Kern**

### THE FILMS OF RICHARD KERN: HARDCORE PLUS, VOLUME 1 & 2

Richard Kern has a rare film talent. A rare talent for obtaining sultry women that look like a heavy metal headbanger's wet dream. A rare talent for involving these 'women of questionable character' in violent, sexual and challenging scenarios. Each package assures also all actors are over the age of eighteen. Sometimes we even get to see Kern exact the age statement signature on film. Five films are contained on each separately packaged volume. *VOLUME 1* features Henry Rollins as a younger man with longer hair and Lydia Lunch as his furious fellatio date. Violence, especially in forsaken or urban locations, is constant throughout. The one oasis of passivity is when Kimbra Pfahler (The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black) shaves her vagina as the subject of a short. In *VOLUME 2* we get more of another punk sex symbol, Lung Leg. Especially harsh are these final flicks in the gritty series. Two previously unreleased pieces, "My Nightmare" (1993) and "Horoscope" particularly up the ante. (4)

## REVIEWS

**Dusty Springfield**

### STAY AWHILE: I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU

Mercury/Chronicles

English pop singer and Nashville recording star Dusty Springfield was a human jukebox in an era when talented voices were used to incarnate the songs of hit factories. Dusty wrote very little material for her albums and had little to do with the vocal arrangements on the numerous contributions.

Still, her technique and style cause much of her output to ascend to memorable heights. Five of her albums are reissued on CDs by

Mercury's Chronicles imprint. Foremost in this collection is *STAY AWHILE* (July 1964). *STAY AWHILE* opens with the "I Only Want to be With You," and includes other Motown-era songs that are typical of the era's production and are delivered cheerily and with female backing vocals. These pieces include "Mama Said," "When the Lovelight Starts Shining Through His Eyes," "Wishin' and Hopin'" (Bacharach/David, all but one of these albums has one) and the saxophone-fueled bonus track "Standing in the Need of Love." More compelling and along the lines of blue-eyed soul is "Will You Love Me Tomorrow" and "You Don't Own Me." Also in this series is *DUSTY* (October 1964) with a gospel-strong "Can I Get A Witness" and *OOOOOOWEEEE!* (March 1965) which leans on her natural charms for a set of songs of unrequited love and promising pronouncements like the pair "I'll Love You for a While" and "I Wanna Make You Happy." *YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME* has, of course a strong title track majestically preceded by horns and chorus. Also on the eclectic album is a vivacious rendition of "La Bamba" and the simply arranged, bluesy "I Had a Talk With my Man." Finally, *THE LOOK OF LOVE* (December 1967) returns to the same approach as *OOOOOOWEEEE!*, but with a more mature and sensual approach. (*STAY 4*, *THE LOOK 3.5*, all others 3)

**Astor Piazzolla / Thomas Fortmann**  
(Accademia Amiata Ensemble)

### TANGO CATOLICO

Amiata Records, Villa Gaia, I-58038

Seggiano (Gr), Italy

<http://www.amiata.media.it>

[amiata.records@agora.stm.it](mailto:amiata.records@agora.stm.it)

The tango compositions, impressionistic extensions of the art, by Astor Piazzolla (Argentina) and Thomas Fortmann (Switzerland) are mixed here to wondrous effect. Actually, two of Fortmann's compositions bookend seven pieces from Piazzolla. The first piece, is the eighteen-and-one-half minutes title track by Fortmann. Strings, sad and plaintive, are supported by cello in this piece for string quartet. The quartet here is the Tirana String Quartet. The coda is a bit of Weimar Germany sung auf Deutsche by Bruno Ferrari. The first piece from Piazzolla is one of my personal favorites, "Libertango," wherein a running piano rhythm is the foundation for an enlarging, freeing melody for the two saxophones. The Tuscan Accademia Amiata Ensemble comprised of three award-winning instrumental soloists on piano and two Saxes performs these Piazzolla pieces. Toward the end, the piano breaks from into the liberty of a succinctly stated, but sweetly com-

posed melody. A somber contrast is provided by the following wind instrument reflection, "Oblivion." Piazzolla's "Adios Nonino" is so lyrical and mellifluous as to one of those rare instrumental pieces that summons a humming audience with the strength of an infectious song. "Close Your Eyes And Listen" is another Piazzolla piece that is so compelling and emotionally powerful as to need not a single syllable to express the most tender and sincere of human feeling. Soprano saxophone leaps are featured in the final, Fortmann piece as Steve Potts joins the Ensemble in the Stravinskian, twelve-tone "Catholic Blues." Notes to this recording are in Italian, English and German.

**Dave Douglas**  
**CONVERGENCE**  
**Soul Note/EuroJazz**

Trumpeter Dave Douglas continues to converge on excellence with the same quintet that appeared on his first major work, *PARALLEL WORLDS* (Soul Note).

The unusual fusion of a trumpeted jazz trio with violin and cello allows for fascinating, dynamic encounters of timbre. These meetings can take the shape of conflict and resolution as in "Joe's Auto Glass" or exquisite sonic cooperation as in the somberly reflective "Tzotzil Maya." This piece, written for the indigenous peoples of Chiapas, Mexico, is a reflection and reaction of the December 1997 Acteal massacre. "Collateral Damage" is a requiem and well. Humanely dedicated to the tragic losses on both sides, "Collateral Damage" is another island of quietude. Following it is the rambunctious race between trumpet and violin "Goodbye Tony" in remembrance of Tony Williams. Preceding it is a suite of four short pieces entitled "Border Stories," Fragmented and skeletal, these sparse bits largely feature the cello and trumpet sharing the primary role in front of a background of edgy percussion and pizzicato. The presence of pieces by Weill ("Bibao Song") and Messiaen ("Desseins Eternels," from an organ work) made lead one to believe this is "chamber jazz," but what Douglas is promoting is a modern jazz vision with traditional roots that are more jazz than classical and more impressionistic than symphonic. (4.5)

**The Streetwalkin' Cheetahs**  
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the environs of Los Angeles. Some time back when I saw them on the stage of a West Coast dive I saw the spirit of Detroit rock at its most self-destructive, i.e. Iggy Pop in METALLIC K.O. and The MC5 KICK OUT THE JAMS. LIVE ON KXLU captures that energy spiraling out of control through original songs that channel the same demons and nods to the masters on "Looking At You" (MC5) and "Funhouse" (Stooges). Solid, Cheetahs originals like the visceral opener "None of Your Business" and the singular anguish of hard rock love unrequited in "Durango" proves the Cheetahs to be true members of the pack. They are adding to the genre, not merely celebrating it. All this is synthesized in "Motor City Rock n Roll," a "Streetwalkin'" manifesto of "punk rock and soul." Punk and soul also in that this group likes to get down with a saxophone. Vince Meghourni joins the group on just that instrument on the last two tracks. All this activity is bound to get the attention of icons themselves, and appended to this blistering, 12-song live set are three studio cuts produced by MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer (Dodge Main, etc.). Historian of punk Legs McNeil pens the liner notes for these inductees into American punk royalty, worthy of the crowns shared by the Stooges, Dead Boys, etc. (3)

## Epperley SOPHOMORE SLUMP Triple XXX

I have been a closet pop rock fan since the "modern rock" of the 90s managed to both make the rock of the 70s sound dated while itself being devoid of melody and shallow. What is left for a rock fan to hear? Not much, except when an album like Epperley's SOPHOMORE SLUMP arrives on the scene. SLUMP contains cheery, upbeat lines delivered with a Pixies guitar sound. Instead of drowning in 80s nostalgia, Epperley is solidly rooted in today, aware of the past but not overawed. In "You're So 1988" the band announces, out of frustration, "It's something I hate / You're so 1988 / If I could only wish, I'd make you rock harder."

And rock harder they do, while still being more joyous than serious. In "She's A Marine" Epperley reminds us you can be un-PC and honest and still be more fun than rude. Epperley songs boast hooks and the band can even occasionally play without distortion. Tracks like "Crystal" and "Breakups and Shakeups" ring truer than any chart-

topper today.

## The Mulchmen GREETINGS FROM PLANET STUPIDER Big Beef Records

In my flight book, your best bet for guitar-based entertainment is most often instrumental rock regardless of the planet of origin. The Mulch men surf from the top of a compost heap of rock history that penetrates the stratosphere. Solid throughout, The Mulchmen's peat-genius is at its most pungent in tracks like the ominous, andante surf of "Backscratcher." It is also apparent from a listening here why the group has fit just as well opening for such acts as surf legends Los Straitjackets and rockabilly guitar god Ronnie Dawson. The Mulchmen are about the primacy of a succinct, clever guitar melody traversing the middle- and low-ends over a reliable march beat. Like another band they have shared the stage with, Man Or Astroman?, the Mulchers feel the allure of space references through simple effects and reverb. On "Delta Velocity" the employ this approach while incorporating a Western feel and theremin in their patented unrushed tempo. The power trio opts for a two-guitar approach on "Ripchord." Put it all together and you have an instro-rock band that owes as much to Link Wray and Duane Eddy as they do to Dick Dale. On the final track we get to hear "Dr. Cyclops/Danger Todd Robinson," the two-part scorch-relax-scorch show closer that only the live audiences have previously been privy to. Compared to prior releases, GREETINGS is an excellent synthesis of The Mulchmen's fertile blend. (3.5)

## 50 Tons of Black Terror DEMETER

### Beggars Banquet

Demeter was the Greek goddess of agriculture, marriage and fertility. Don't let such homely associations let you expect a cover of "Going to the Chapel" here. 50 Tons is about agriculture the way Children of the Corn is. Before Cain the agriculturist killed Abel the butcher have gotten pumped up listening to DEMETER. Marriage? 50 Tons of Black Terror is about the marriage of the Jesus Lizard and Birthday Party. Their sound is brutal and undeniable as in the peeping tom's lament "Voyeur's Blues" and just as liable to come on as sinister cave lounge as in "La Grotte D'Amour." Fertility? DEMETER is so potent it gave birth to a remix EP included in this package. These four remixes serve through hammering repetition to drive the rhythmic point home, through its walls across the backyard and buried deep in reinforced concrete wall across the alley. I

listened to DEMETER's harsh message three times before I came to appreciate its difficult gospel. By that time, they came through town and someone else raved about the disc to me. Don't let yourself miss out on the rich soil where blood cries out from the ground, the joining together of able-bodied musicianship with fierce delivery and the seedy abundance of such panting excess as the "Voyeurs Blues (Kris Needs)" remix. (4)

## Amber Asylum SONGS OF SEX AND DEATH Release, POB 251, Millersville PA, 17551

<http://www.relapse.com>

Kris Force is the alluring siren of Amber Asylum. She seduces the listener into a dark but inviting world of drawing on wells of ambient, Goth and Classical musics. Force's music is ambient in that it is an ethereal, floating world of patiently phrased lines backed by a comfortable wall of electronic drone. Amber Asylum waxes Gothic in that they can introduce a Bauhaus-like meeting of plodding bass line and ultra-distorted guitar into this delicate mix ("Devotion") and other times summon angels of the night with hymns that are downbeat, Medieval and haunting. The Classical reference is made valid by Kris' own violin (often effected) work and her mezzo-soprano songs. Acoustic bass and cello are also featured prominently on this recording. Often, as in "Luxuria," they provide the sonorous melody. Also employed in this rich recording are e-bow, organ, synth, accordion sounds and more. As the arrangements often reach back into a deeply historical well of sounds from chamber works to ancient chants, so the content reflected in the title SONGS OF SEX AND DEATH pulls from an even more ancient source. Herein are melodiously if eerily sung reflective and personal approaches to the most and fleeting and sought human experiences of live and love. (4)

## Mojo Nixon THE REAL SOCK RAY BLUES Shanachie Entertainment, 13 Laight St., 6th Fl., NY NY, 10013 Shanachonid.net

Mojo Nixon is an unabashed redneck maniac that once drove a tank to the very doors of Geffen Records to sing his oddball classic "Don Henley Must Die." This recording takes an aim at contemporary topic like previous Nixon discs have at people. The hyper-nostalgic, backwoods troubadour writes of the Internet and modern technology on "I Don't Want no Cybersex."

The embarrassing similarity of much of electronica to disco is loudly and pointedly announced in "Machines Ain't Music/I Got my

Mojo Working." "Honorary Team Captain 1998 U.S. Olympic Luge Team" targets shiny edifices of popular culture on "Disney is the Enemy" and "Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame." Even an unabashed iconoclast like Mojo has some heroes and eulogies here is American punk architect Country Dick Manitoba (The Dictators). After a "Redneck Rampage" even winds down to a heartfelt country ballad "When Did I Become My Dad" to conclude the disc. This is more like the folk and Americana that comes from Shanachie and the album's instrumentation of harmonica, piano and guitars is not far from the Shanachie formula either. But THE REAL SOCK RAY BLUES is soaked in whiskey from an Appalachian still and much, much to crude to share with your parents. (3)

## Man or Assortment?

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<http://www.astroman.com>  
[cocoastroman.com](http://cocoastroman.com)

Continuing on from MADE FROM TECHNETIUM and 1000x, MoA takes a sci-fi surf sound positively drenched in reverb to the intergalactic regions. Space monster B-movie sound bites populate the disc, orbiting between the tracks. The artwork of EEVIAC is of the old, towering magnetic tape drives. MoA previously has espoused and affinity for outdated technology, but there is something more relevant in the suggestion of weighty hardware. This is a heavier sound for MoA. The drums and bass smash along like something more out of their albums of former labelmates The Jesus Lizard. Adding in the contrast of the trebly, effected guitar sounds and the group's peaking voices and the result is a larger, more substantial sound. While MoA is still the same old geeks in love with 50s NASA and B&W extraterrestrials, they now have steroids. The precipitous build of these beefier songs is suddenly cut for another odd movie clip and of these adds to a greater tension and sense of drama than previously available on MoA recordings. EEVIAC is the sound of dancing mainframes and the deadly whine of meteor tracers. (3.5)

"Don't be normal, be natural!"

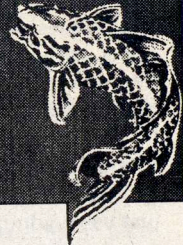






# Koi

## PIERCING STUDIO



1301 South 900 East 463.7070 M-Sat 12:30-8:30 Sun 1-5:30  
[www.digitalpla.net/~koi](http://www.digitalpla.net/~koi)



Just when I thought I had heard it all, Mike Ness comes along and totally blows me away, along with that weak theory of mine. His new solo album, *Cheating At Solitaire* is out now on Time Bomb Recordings, and should be in your CD player even as you read this.

And if it isn't, let me just warn you now, when you listen to the first three tracks of this disc, it will grab you by the throat and it won't let you go. This CD will become your personal soundtrack music for the summer of '99. It will be your background music, your make-out music, your get-out-of-town-Jack-Kerouac-wanna-be-hit-the-road music. You think you know what diverse is because once in awhile you tune into KWCR?

This is You-don't-know-shit-so-let-me-school-you, music. In the words of Mike Ness himself, this is Outlaw Country music, with a punk rock attitude and backbone, so pay close attention!

First, a little bit of background for those of you who walk around in a clueless haze more than half of the time. Mike Ness was one of the founding members of the southern California punk band Social Distortion. Social D, (as all the slick, "hip" kidz like to say,) was formed in 1978, with Casey Royer on drums, Rikk Agnew on guitar and his brother Frank Agnew on bass. Soon after, Rikk and Frank left and formed what would eventually be, the Adolescents; Casey soon followed. A few years later, and finally after more line up changes than the L.A. Lakers, Mike Ness found himself with Dennis Danell, Brent Liles and Derek O'Brien. They recorded and released Social D's first full length album, "Mommy's Little Monster" in 1982. Social D had a long break in between albums, and more line-up changes that followed. For all the band minutiae, you can check their time line and their discography out on the Social Distortion web sight found on...You guessed it! [www.socialdistortion.com](http://www.socialdistortion.com)

After 3 days and 15 different long distant phone calls to Time Bomb, I finally hooked up with Mike Ness. And just for the record, if you know how all this shit works, this was not an assignment from SLUG. I asked for this mission, (Search & Destroy, baby-). Just like you, I bought my copy of *Cheating At Solitaire*, I didn't get a promo copy from the label. I tell you this so you know this is not something I had to check off my "To Do" list in my planner. A special "Gracias!" goes out to Michelle at Time Bomb for kicking ass, and

Gianni inside HQ for crack'in skulls. I know you were just doing your job, but you do it so well! So, thanks! Mike was in So. Cal, and I was, I guess you could say,

Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell in the mountain time zone; roll with me.

SLUG: So, did you play at the Coach House, in San J u a n

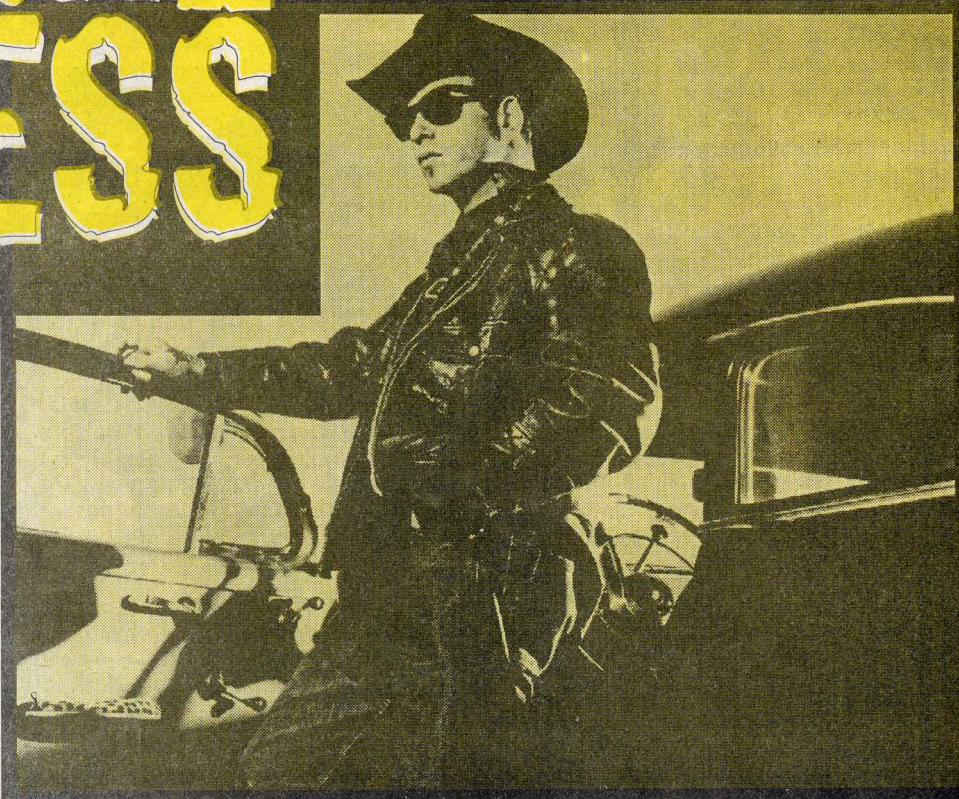
MN: Yea, just because he's a very versatile guitar player. I needed someone who had a punk music background, but also could play Luther Perkins or just anything I asked him to. And he was the man.

SLUG: Cool. Well, can I go back quite a few years?

MN: Sure-

SLUG: The first time I heard Social Distortion was in 1981, I was 17 and living right outside L.A. I picked up the Rodney on the ROQ Volume II compilation. The song was "1945." What was going on at that time? Was that your first stuff out?

# MIKE NESS



Capistrano?

Mike Ness: Yea, I did. Last night and the night before.

SLUG: How did it go?

MN: Oh, it went awesome! Yea, it was great.

SLUG: Good. I've been down to that place before, that's a nice club.

MN: It's pretty neat, Yea, it's like stress free, ya know?

SLUG: I was reading somewhere that Sean Greaves is playing with you on this tour, is that right?

MN: Yea, he's an old friend of mine.

SLUG: Yea, I've seen him two or three times with The Joykiller.

MN: Yea, I've known Sean forever, and he's been a guitar tech for me, he's played in other bands and this project had his name all over it.

SLUG: Oh, cool. So you went right to him, at the beginning, huh?

MN: I think our first stuff out was on the Posh Boy label, a 7" single in 1980 of "Playpen" and "Mainliner." We recorded about 7 songs with Posh Boy, and some of those, I think, ended up on the Rodney on the ROQ albums. And that's when it all began.

SLUG: Well, that's pretty cool. For that time frame it was pretty good exposure, wasn't it?

MN: It really was. Obviously there wasn't any major labels knocking at our door. Back then, I was only 17 and I didn't know how to go out and make a record myself, and even though we never got any money, it gave us a great amount of exposure.

SLUG: Right. Plus, Rodney Bingenheimer would play you on his show every Sunday night on KROQ, so you were able to hit a mass audience at the time, without major label backing.

MN: Yea, exactly.

SLUG: Early on you were also playing with



the Agnew brothers, who went on to form the Adolescents. Was that your decision, or their decision to go on?

**MN:** Well, in the beginning stages, we went through so many changes. I didn't even sing in the very beginning. We had this crazy Cal State Fullerton basketball player who looked like a cross between Mick Jagger and Ric Ocasek. I had Casey Royer drumming, and originally, it was just him and I, on Friday night, in his bedroom making music. I don't know, I think that eventually Dennis and I just decided that we wanted to do our own thing. I don't know what it was, ya know. Dennis and I just went off, and we weren't even going to keep the name Social Distortion. We were going to call it the O. C. (Orange County, for all you tourist.) Dust Bin, or something like that. The we got Carrot on drums, and at that time, we were a three piece and we kept that name, because I decided that I did like it.

**SLUG:** What time frame did it hit you that music is what you are going to do for pretty much the rest of your life, or at least, for the next 20 years?

**MN:** Oh, by the time I was 5 years old.

**SLUG:** Really? That early on, huh?

**MN:** Oh yea, music was my first drug of choice.

**SLUG:** Well, did your parents listen to a lot of music?

**MN:** Umm, yea, well my parents listened to music, but I had really cool uncles who were turning me on to Rolling Stones records, when I was very young. Music just provided a great escape for me. So yea, early on, I knew I wanted to become a rock star, ya know?

**SLUG:** Rumor had it that the song, "Kids From the Black Hole," by the Adolescents was about your apartment. Is that true?

**MN:** Yea, yes it was.

**SLUG:** Really? Seems like a pretty crazy scene.

**MN:** Yea, it was quite a period of time.

**SLUG:** It probably never dawned on you that you were making musical history either, did it?

**MN:** No, it didn't. It was funny, it was like my apartment would help shape a music scene in Orange County, and I didn't even know it. The place for people who had the same interest, to come and gather. Even though it was a drug and alcohol induced haze, it was also, without even knowing it, it was helping in shaping a scene in a county that is world renowned, now.

**SLUG:** Yea, that's wild. So I've talked to a handful of people in and around Salt Lake, in various CD stores and everyone is totally stoked about your solo album. Even people who, you wouldn't think this music would appeal to. It seems like this album, and the music on it crosses all musical genres. Not only does your sound do that, but the people that are listening to it, as well. You've got

these slick hipster kidz digging it, as well as the punk rockers, and people who you wouldn't think would. What has your response been so far?

**MN:** Right. It's funny, because Social Distortion has always had a very mixed crowd. Well, another thing now and it's even more extreme. I got the 15 year old kidz, but they're bringing their dads, too. Or it's the other way around, I had a friend the other night come out to one of our shows and he brought his kid. He was turning his kid on to it. It's kinda cool. For years we thrived on that alienation, you know, from our parents. Most of us come from broken homes anyway, but that's not the case for everybody. I envy people who have a good relationship with their parents, you know what I mean? I think it's a very special thing.

**SLUG:** You've got a 7 year old boy, right?

**MN:** I've got a 7 year old, and a 3 year old.

**SLUG:** Knowing that, knowing that you envy good family relationships, do you try working on your relationships with your kidz? Do you try to be a good parent, and a good father?

**MN:** Yea, I do. I've been seeing the mother again, for a year now. And I'm telling you, I've been through more changes in the last year, than I have probably in the last 10 years. It's about growing up. It was the only thing missing from my life. I have cars, motorcycles and guitars, a house full of neat antiques and cool clothes, but you know, with out love, it's like, Fuck! I always associated love with pain. So rock and roll was the perfect vehicle to not grow up. But you could go, and you could sleep with a different girl every night. But, what are you gaining by that, what is it accomplishing, what is it doing for your esteem? It's an ego boost, but there is a big difference between ego and self esteem. Yea, a lot of changes.

**SLUG:** How long have you been living with the songs of, "Cheating At Solitaire,"?

**MN:** They're about a year old. There are a couple of songs that are about 5 years old, but most of them have all come up in the last year. Once I made a decision that I was going to do this, I just got really inspired and went crazy and started writing.

**SLUG:** What's your favorite song on the disc?

**MN:** Oh God, I could probably only narrow it down to about 3. I would have to say, ...Umm, well, I like Dope Fiend Blues, just because it's a politically incorrect, non-glamorizing view of heroin abuse. I get tired of people glamorizing William Burroughs, and the whole heroin thing, like it's something really cool and elite, ya know? I wanted to write a song that showed people which way the wind really blew. So that's a very personal song for me. I love Ballad of a Lonely Man,

*continued next page*

## MIKE NESS ANNOUNCES EXCLUSIVE MP3 GIVEAWAY, LIVE CYBERCAST, ONLINE CHAT & MORE

The May 1st Las Vegas stop of Mike Ness' tour in support of his debut solo album, *Cheating At Solitaire* (which was released April 13th and entered the Billboard 200 at #80), was recorded for use in two Internet-only promotions.

First, fans of the longtime Social Distortion singer/songwriter all over the world will be able to listen in on the show via the web. The House Of Blues performance will be webcast over both [www.ubl.com](http://www.ubl.com) and

[www.LiveMusic.com/www.hob.com](http://www.LiveMusic.com/www.hob.com) (the official House Of Blues websites) on May 19, 1999 at 6:00pm (PST).

One day later, one song from that performance will be available as an exclusive MP3 download through [www.ubl.com](http://www.ubl.com), [timebombre recordings.com](http://timebombre recordings.com) and [mike-ness.com](http://mike-ness.com). This live track will not be available for purchase anywhere. It will be offered exclusively, free to fans, on the sites.

Ness will be chatting with fans on [www.ubl.com](http://www.ubl.com) prior to these events. On May 14, he will be online with an unlimited number of fans from 4:00-5:00pm (PST). Additionally, an unreleased acoustic performance of "Don't Think Twice," the lead single from *Cheating At Solitaire*, originally aired on MTV's 120 minutes on April 11, 1999 will be rebroadcast over the Internet on MTV.com. The performance will be accessible for three weeks starting April 22, 1999.

(<http://www.mtv.com/sendme.tin?page=/news/gallery/n/nessfeature99.html>)

"I love the ability to communicate directly with fans through such an easymeans."

—Mike Ness



and Rest of our Lives, just because they're so simple, honest and fun.

**SLUG:** Which songs do you enjoy playing live, off this set?

**MN:** All of them. They're so fresh and new and this whole thing, from the writing, to the recording and now finally performing these songs live has just been a liberating experience. I got to prove to myself that I can do other styles of music, not just punk. Now I realize for me, that only doing one style of music is crazy! Because Hank Williams is just as important to me, and just as significant as Sid Vicious was.

Johnny Cash is just as important as Johnny Thunders. And for me, this is an opportunity to connect all this together. I could only go so far with Social Distortion. This allowed me to cross stereo types, or cross lines whether they were self imposed, or stereotypically imposed. I don't like restrictions, I don't like limits and I don't like boundaries. And this record was a chance to fuck'in go off. It's been a great thing, and just a major phase of development as a singer, songwriter and also as a performer. I get so sing more, instead of scream, and you know I can focus on being a showman and a performer now, a little more, there's many more dimensions to this.

**SLUG:** Do you play all the songs on the disc, live?

**MN:** And a couple revamped Social D songs.

**SLUG:** Cool. I don't think many people can cross over those lines. I think it shows you have a healthy respect for the roots, and the music from where it came from. And I think you do a great job.

**MN:** Well, thank you. Someone made an interesting point, that may be valid, I dunno, but for me it would be neat to be known as not only just the frontman of an O.C. punk band, but to be acknowledged as an American singer/songwriter. For me, success doesn't mean large amounts of money. To me success means acknowledgement and accomplishment and being able to do, what you want to do. So I'm finding it very satisfying.

**SLUG:** Tell me about the song, Misery Loves Company.

**MN:** Bruce Springsteen was really busy getting the E Street Band back together, but we collaborated on this song, I sent him the lyrics and the music and we talked, and the song was perfect for him, it was just perfect. He had so much fun with it. It was just a good combination I think.

**SLUG:** Yea, I love that song, I just think it kicks ass. Out of all the Bob Dylan songs, you could have chose, why did you choose 'Don't Think Twice'?

**MN:** Well, it's funny. The story behind that one is, I liked Bob Dylan growing up because he was a rebel. But the first version I ever heard of this song was actually by Joan Baez

doing, even though Dylan wrote it. I have a record of her doing it at a concert at about, 1960. It's just her and an acoustic guitar doing some old European folk songs and it's just fuck'in haunting. I like Dylan's version, but hearing a woman do it was much more compelling, probably because it was hitting so close to home, I was like, "Oh fuck! She's talking about me!" It made an impact. When a song impacts me like that, I feel inclined to sing it.

**SLUG:** Let me ask you a couple of real general questions. What do you love?

**MN:** What do I love? Umm. I love my life right now. Yea. Everything is going right now. I've a got a motor being dropped in a car right now. I'm working on a '53 panhead, I've got a righteous woman in my life and two kidz. I just bought a neat old house. And I'm playing this new stuff right now. Everything is good right now, I can't complain.

**SLUG:** Awesome. What do you hate?

**MN:** I hate mediocrity.

Enough said. To catch Mike Ness live in Zion, he will be playing the Tower Theater on May 14th. Tickets should be on sale now. This interview goes out to my two favorite Social D fans, my boy Nick at Graywhale CD in Layton and Miles Moore! Now get off your ass and go do something with your life!!!

—Royce

*Good Riddance*

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I saw YOU.

Every week I weakly check to see if YOU saw ME. I may not know who YOU are, but each week I expect YOU to see ME. And every week YOU let me down.

I can't wait any longer for YOU to see ME and that's why this month I saw YOU.

Are YOU confused? Look

around, most people are confused (and stupid, but that's another story). I'll explain, perhaps I owe YOU that much. But, Ms. Simon, if YOU think this story is about YOU. Please don't be so vain. Won't YOU. Don't YOU, please don't think so. This story is about no one, it's about everyone, and it certainly isn't about YOU.

But this is about someone, so it could be about YOU.

First, this is a rant about a newspaper or two. Then it's about ME. Then it's about YOU. Then it's about everyone. Then it's about no one. Get it? Got it? I didn't think so.

## THE NEWSPAPER RANT

Sometimes I think there are just three reasons to read the *Salt Lake City Weekly*, but really there's just one. Sometimes I read the *City Weekly* because their comics are funny (And sometimes I wonder why the *Salt Lake Tribune* puts the Comics in the Religion section and not Religion in the Comics pages). Sometimes I read the *City Weekly* for the Real Astrology, and sometimes I get the Straight Dope. But, each week I read the *City Weekly* to see if YOU saw ME. I read the personals, at the Coffee Garden with the rope and Mrs. Plum.

If you're one of those losers that doesn't read the Personals, if you don't know the difference between a SWM and a GWM, then the "I Saw You" is just that. It's two ships that passed in the night, and now one of the ships has said, "Oh Shit" and they are sending out a distress signal that says, "I Saw You."

Duh, if your I.Q. is over 37, I apologize for that last paragraph. In my opinion, if you've made it into the "I Saw You" section of the personals, you've got the look. YOU are the shifts. YOU have a way about YOU, Billy Joel. Or, YOU are being stalked.

Forget the talk about being stalked. If someone has said, in 25 words or less, I saw YOU. . . please give me a call, @\$3.95 for the first minute and \$1 for every minute thereafter, they are saying, in three words or less: YOU, Me, and Destiny (Now don't be such a cheap bastard . . . Fate shouldn't have a price tag). Or they're cutting to the chase, throwing that romantic bullshit out the window, and placing a free ad to say, "Let's Fuck."

Regardless of the reasons, each week as I open up the *City*

*Weekly*, and turn to the Personals, I cover up the entire column that says, "I Saw You." Then, ad by ad, I slowly uncover each one. With in the first eight words of the 25 allotted, I see that it's not about me. Damn YOU. Next ad. Damn it. Next ad. Shit. End of ads. Wait until next week. Times 52 weeks. Times 3 or 4 years equals YOU must not have seen ME.

Granted, I've never placed an ad about YOU, but this story is by Me and about YOU. If YOU think this is about ME then that is also correct, but this is definitely not about YOU (Oh I bet that hurt). Here I go, this is the part that is about YOU, but I don't want YOU to think this is about YOU, I'd rather YOU be thinking this isn't about YOU when it really is, so I'll have to say I Saw YOU to Everyone, so YOU won't know who YOU are.

I saw you (Girl with Soup) you had a lot of soup. It was 1:30 a.m. Why all the soup?

I saw you (Girl with red hair at Burt's) your hair was really red, it matched your underwear and your attitude.

I saw you (Girl that's anorexic) but then YOU turned sideways and disappeared.

I saw you (Girl that was paranoid) and I'm still watching you every move.

I saw you (Girl with Turrets) Shit. Fuck. Damn. Yeah.

I saw you (Chick in West Valley) Do you buy your hairspray in bulk at Sam's Club?

I saw you (Man in Internet chat room) I'm an 18 year old girl.

I did NOT see YOU (Egocentric girl) but YOU thought I did.

I saw you (Girl at Swimming Pool) ear plugs, nose plug, swim cap, flippers, floaties and a kick board? Ever think of taking up jogging?

I saw you. But not enough.

I saw you. I wish I hadn't.

I saw you. Way too much.

I saw you. I can't forget YOU.

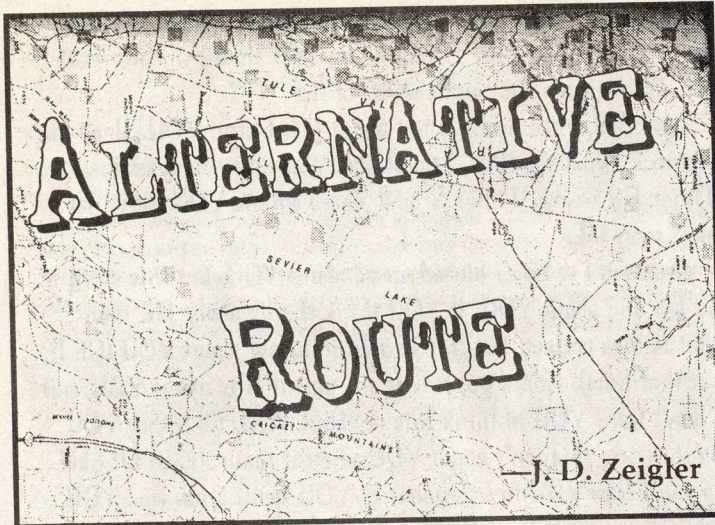
I saw you. Will I see you in "I Saw You?"

We'll see.



— Phil Jacobsen





## Alternate Route is being presented in three parts. This is Part Three.

Cowboy switched on the flashlight and pointed its beam downwards. He could see the path of Mary's slide in the ravine's walls a few feet to his right, but he couldn't see hide nor hair of her. Puzzled, he methodically scanned the flash back and forth along the dry creek bottom. There wasn't a single sound except for the sighing of the breeze through the tangled twigs of the mesquite bush. Shit, what if she was hurt? How the hell would he haul her fat ass out of this deep dark ditch? Where the hell was she? "Mary!" he called again as he slip-slided his way down into the dry creek.

The banks of the arroyo weren't very high, about eight feet or so, but they were almost perpendicular to the perfectly flat sandy floor. It gave Cowboy the eerie feeling of walking down a dreamtime hallway from some long forgotten childhood nightmare. He couldn't recall ever having dreamed of searching for a lost lunatic in the corridors of the night, but it was the feeling that counted and it was a bad feeling.

He shined his light in front of him along the ground, which fortunately was soft silt deposited by uncounted flash floods over uncounted years. There, beginning near the gravel at the base of the bank twenty feet ahead, were footprints, sneakers, a woman's foot, albeit made by a very large extra-wide shoe size. Cowboy examined the area. Mary was nowhere to be seen, but her footsteps showed that she was somewhere beyond the acute bend that the gully made forty feet ahead of him. His worries were increased, not assuaged, by her promenade, and he hurried to follow the prints past the curve of the arroyo.

Well, at least she wasn't hurt. He took small comfort from the thought. What the hell was she doing, taking a midnight walk up a ditch? Nothing rational, he was sure of that. Even though buttressed by the premonition that he was going to find something very weird, Cowboy was unprepared for the manifestation of Mary's illness that the spotlight of the flash finally illuminated.

In both meanings of the phrase, she'd gone round the bend. She was on her knees in the middle of the creekbed, looking up towards the heavens, her face transfigured in rapture. One hand was held in front of her in a prayerful position.

It's partner, however, was shoved down the front of her polyester stretch pants. To the horrified Cowboy, it looked like she might be masturbating, but a hot shame that no true outlaw would possess prevented his eyes from focusing below her waist.

Like a demented ghost from his past, the memory of the first porno flick he'd ever seen teased him from across the years, a silicone-enhanced, blond chick doing herself with a Teledyne shower massage. He'd never been so aroused. Now he could feel his dick retreating like the head of a frightened turtle. Context was everything. At least the blond

chick hadn't been praying, only moaning. Mary seemed to be doing both. He caught the mumbled words, "Our Father who art in Mary Mary Quite Contrary how does your garden grow?"

And that was when Cowboy finally snapped.

The sum of the last couple of hours; stress, shereifs, insanity, chaos and night, fear of the unpredictable, unwanted memories, God and crystal meth; their combined dark mass imploded, creating a black hole in the middle of Cowboy's soul. He lashed out at Mary, physically, violently, fetching her upside her head with blow that would have knocked a bull over. It more than sufficed to stop the unspeakable thing she was doing.

She fell, flattened by the blow, to the ground. But instead of laying still so he could stomp on her with his K-Mart cowboy boots like he was preparing to do, she rolled like a ball until she had rolled completely upright, standing on her own two broad sure feet. She faced him angrily, with the exact expression of a bull who'd just been knocked upside the head. Cowboy, who, at this sad stage of his nocturnal adventures was no less crazy than she, had no fear of taking on such an insane sumo. He stepped menacingly in front of her, his feet, in their cheap boots, planted wide in a fighter's stance.

With a speed, agility, strength, and accuracy that belied her resemblance to a large anthropomorphic jello mold, Mary kicked Cowboy dead in the nuts, hard. It was his turn to hit the dirt and he lay curled up in pain, unable to see anything but excruciating darkness even though he was still clutching the flashlight tightly in one hand. Space and time collapsed into one burning singularity, centered in his crotch.

When he finally was able to open his eyes again, he had no idea of how long he'd been laying in the dirt, but the agony in his groin was at last subsiding. Other sensory areas in his brain, in addition to the pain receptors, began to register information once more. Faintly, through the static of the raw jangling nerve endings between his legs, he could smell sage and mesquite. He could hear the soft sigh of the wind as it made its leisurely way down the arroyo. He could also hear Mary breathing heavily close by. She must be sitting right next to him, he judged. It was as

bad a situation as he ever been in. Although it could be worse, he told himself, she could be growling instead. Still, he decided to play possum for a while, at least until he was capable of upright and swift movement again.

Lying still as a stone, eyes clamped shut, hardly breathing, Cowboy planned his escape from the dangerous lunatic sitting at his side. Once he was sure of his ability to run real fast, he would leap up and make a dash for the car. No way could she catch up to him. He'd leave her behind in the dust. He hoped she would stand out on the highway for days before she caught a ride from some other fool. By the time she told anyone about him (if anyone believed her anyway), he'd be long gone, over the border and safe in Ely. Fuck her!

Just then he felt Mary's hand on his shoulder. He feared she'd read his mind again, but her touch was gentle, almost caressing. Cowboy remained motionless, wondering, what next? Pretty much nothing, it turned out, except for the clammy pressure of her hand. Then he realized that her labored breathing was the sound of crying. He was amazed. Not five minutes ago they'd been mortal enemies and now she was sitting beside him in the dirt, sobbing softly, murmuring, "sorry sorry sorry so so sorry." He felt her quiver as a shudder of remorse ran through her gelatinous body.

Like an electric current the remorse passed from her hand into him. He had never hit a woman before and held men who did in the deepest contempt. Women were the weaker sex. It wasn't fair to hit them, he believed (even though he was presently incapable of unfurling his throbbing body from its embryonic curl). Not once had his father raised his hand to Cowboy's mother. Not even when he was in his most belligerent state of drunkenness. And here, he, Cowboy, was striking out at a fallen woman like a wrathful Old Testament patriarch. Shit, poor crazy Mary hadn't been doing anything he himself didn't do at least once a day! An angel of conscience, shame, and contrition landed on his right shoulder and scolded him firmly. He was the one who started it. He was the one who owed Mary an apology, not the other way around.

But the devil sitting on his left shoulder wanted to have his say too. Did Cowboy spontaneously jerk-off while fantasizing about God? Hell no! He closed the bathroom door and opened up a dog-eared Victoria's Secret catalog he'd filched from his sister. What he did behind that closed door was normal, sane. What she'd done out here in the great wide open was insane and blasphemous. Why, he had to smack her or she never would have snapped out of it. He'd done the right thing after all. A little forcible sanity was probably just what she'd been needing. Tough hombre love. Hell yes!

The angel was about to protest when Mary sat up suddenly and ceased her crying. She seemed to be straining to hear something. Cowboy listened too. A car was coming down the highway, maybe a truck, by the sound of its engine. He remembered Diablo's open trunk and its light shining like a beacon in the night. Forgetting the considerable pain he was still in, he sprang to his feet and ran like the wind back up the arroyo towards the car.

His worst nightmare, not counting his lunatic



passenger, was waiting for him when he scrambled to the top of bank. A county sheriff's white Bronco was pulling to a stop directly behind Diablo and its wide open trunk, the duffel bag sitting in a small but precise spotlight. Pure panic seized Cowboy, and he began to hyperventilate. This was not good! He must appear cool and collected. He paused, low to the ground, and counted his breaths until he felt his heart slow its pounding. OK, he told himself, you're OK. All was quiet in the arroyo. Mary must not have followed him. God was indeed watching over fools and madmen this night. The door of the sheriff's truck swung open. Cowboy stood up and began making his way through the scrub and cacti towards Diablo, all the while praying for an inspiration of superior believable bullshit to hit him before he reached the lawman.

"Howdy, Officer!" he called cheerily to the tall shape which was inspecting the interior of the TransAm with a powerful flashlight. It wouldn't do to have the sheriff think he was trying to sneak up on him from the shadows of the night. The flash's beam swung towards Cowboy and pinned him where he stood, blinded by its bright intensity. "This your car, sir?" inquired a drawling voice somewhere behind the brilliant corona. "Yes, Officer, it sure is," answered Cowboy, wondering if he'd just admitted to the ownership of thousands of dollars worth of illegal drugs, but the sheriff made no immediate moves to put the cuffs on him. Encouraged, Cowboy raised a hand to shield his eyes from the light and took a chance, "Is there a problem, Officer?"

"That's what I was going to ask you, sir." Mercifully, the sheriff pointed the flash away from Cowboy's dazzled eyes down towards his feet, illuminating a path to the car for him. "No, no problem, Officer. Just a bathroom break. Delta's still an hour away. Just couldn't wait that long, that's all. You know how it is." Bet he did too, thought Cowboy. Bet a guy with a job that has him cruising every damn back road in the County had taken a leak on half of Utah. As if agreeing with Cowboy's unspoken thoughts, the sheriff snorted affirmatively. A manly bond had been formed between them, the brotherhood of al fresco pissing! Cowboy began to think that he might get through this hideous night after all. Calmly, confidently, he walked over to the lawman.

At this point in the evening's events, he was not surprised to find this sheriff also resembled John Wayne. In fact, he found it strangely comforting. The fewer surprises this night held, the better. He did wonder briefly if it was the same sheriff who'd pulled him over fifteen miles back, but the man did not seem to recognize him or Diablo. Good, thought Cowboy, that meant he wouldn't be asking him about his absent "girlfriend".

The sheriff was looking him up and down, forehead creased in puzzlement. Cowboy wondered why. "You oughtn't go walking off-road in the dark without a flashlight, sir. There's a lotta drop-offs along here." Cowboy felt foolish, searching his mind feverishly and fruitlessly for a believable answer. "I know, that's why I left the trunk open... for its light... to guide me back," he said sheepishly.

As soon as the faltering words left his mouth, he knew that it was the wrongest answer he could have given. God damn! Fucking idiot! He castigated himself silently. The sheriff looked at him

as if he had three heads, each stupider than the one next to it, then swung his flashlight towards the rear of Diablo. Cowboy mentally cursed again. Of course, he would have to have a day-glo orange duffel bag, a leftover from hunting trips with his father and uncles! Talk about your beacons in the night. Fuck, the sheriff could see that bag in the dark!

"Goin' on a trip, sir?" Or did he say, "pilgrim"? Cowboy couldn't tell. Blood was roaring in his ears and he was dangerously close to hyperventilating again. To make matters worse, he heard the sound of rolling gravel coming from the direction of the gully. Shit, Mary had arrived! He had no doubt that she was going to turn him in, was going to nail him to the wall in revenge.

"Goin' on our honeymoon," Mary's voice sang out sweetly from the darkness. The sheriff swung his light in her direction. She was standing in front of the mesquite bush, a loony caricature of a woman deeply in love with her man, and proudly carrying his child. Her gut was thrust out in front of her and she rested her hands protectively on its sides, in a gesture of happy gestation. "We're gettin' hitched in Vagas. Want to come to the wedding, Sheriff? Jared could use a best man," she chirped.

"Fuck! Goddamn! Cowboy swore to himself once more. She'd done it again. His name, how the hell did she know his name?" He was certain he'd never told her and he badly wanted to pitch a hissy fit, to throw his hat to the ground and jump up and down on it like Yosemite Sam did when bested by that crazy rabbit. Maybe if he went a little nuts too, he would understand her voodoo. He felt his hand involuntarily reaching up for the brim of his hat, but he hastily snatched it back down when the sheriff, who was standing beside him, loudly cleared his throat in embarrassment and spoke. "Thank you kindly, ma'am, but I'm on patrol for the rest of the night. Congratulations and best of luck though." He touched his hat and nodded politely at Mary, who smiled beatifically back. Then Sheriff John Wayne III turned, his features rigid with repressed emotions, and seemed to be about to say something to Cowboy. But apparently he thought better of it, because he merely shook his head, walked to his truck, climbed in, and departed without further comment.

For a full minute and a half, Cowboy was too stunned to move. Statue-like, he watched the sheriff drive away. He was conscious of the shuffling sound of Mary's approaching footsteps. He heard the slam of the trunk being closed and the protesting creaks of Diablo's shocks when she climbed into the passenger seat. Still, he stood rooted to his spot until the tail lights of the sheriff's truck winked out in the dark distance.

Was that a close one or what? He was in awe of his luck, bad and good, on this strange night. Was some fabulous fortune following him, or was this his third strike? He found himself superstitiously thinking that somehow it was all connected to Mary. Then he thumped himself on the forehead, to knock some sense of reality back into his brain. Of course it was all just coincidence, a weird series of freaky events taking on significance only because of proximity to each other. It was like Mary's "thought process", random, meaningless, nothing Cosmic. It occurred to him that she'd gotten his first name off his registration while he was

paying for the gas back in Elberta. No magic there. The vexing question of the evening's odd synchronicities settled, the power of motion returned to his limbs, and he, too, climbed back into Diablo.

On the road once more, Cowboy set the speed control a good ten miles per hour under the posted limit. It wouldn't do to get stopped again "Three on a match," was the phrase that rose unbidden and irrational in his mind. He'd used up his beginner's luck and the next encounter with a representative of law and order would not go so well. Laying low would be his strategy for the duration of this trip. For the first time that night, he planned to follow his gut feeling, and his gut, the tender area south of it, and the empty stomach to the north, all felt pretty lousy at the moment. They didn't want any more excitement. He made up his mind to ignore his passenger also, as much as it was possible to ignore a couple of hundred pounds of dubious mental stability and formidable defensive skills.

Cowboy's silence seemed to suit Mary, also. She remained quiet, looking out the window at the blurred nothingness that passed by them at a sedate fifty miles per hour. Occasionally she shifted in her seat, pulling a flat and melted candy bar from underneath her. She carefully peeled the wrapper open and lapped up the liquid chocolate like a cat. For miles, the only sounds in the TransAm were the sound of its engine, the wind whistling past the windows, and the lap crinkle lap of Mary's tongue against paper.

Then, finally, a highway sign loomed up swiftly out of the darkness ahead. It said, Delta - 10 miles. Cowboy took heart. Somewhere in the intervening miles he'd made up his mind (or more likely, followed his gut feeling) that he would leave Mary behind in Delta. His plan was to take her out for pancakes as promised, then leave her in the restaurant. He'd convinced himself that her insanity would be obvious to anyone who saw her for more than five consecutive seconds in the full illumination of electric lights. He figured there was a good chance that she'd tell a tale of how she and God had been running drugs to angels who dwelt at Lake Sevier. Nobody was going to do a reality check on whether or not he (Cowboy, not the Lord) existed, especially if they had their hands full with an angry schizophrenic. Although he would be betraying promises he'd made to Mary, he believed this was the right thing to do. She would get the hospitalization and care she needed (and he would be free to go on his lawless way).

"Pancakes? Are we still going to get pancake in Delta?" Mary inquired hungrily, breaking the blessed silence of the last hour, and plucking the words from Cowboy's mind once again. Remembering his vow to ignore her, he didn't reply. "Pancakes! Are we going to get pancakes You promised! You promised!" Her scabby fingers prodded his shoulder roughly. He flinched away. Ah hell, the best laid plans of mice and men, he thought, deciding that it was time to change strategy and be her best buddy. "Yeah sugar. You're going to get some pancakes in ten minus ten miles. Does that make you happy?"

"Mmmmm hummmm," she smiled all friendly-like at him, his smack upside her head apparently forgotten. He congratulated himself. The new plan was working. She was as docile as a kit



ten. All he'd have to do at the restaurant would be to excuse himself to go to the can and head for Nevada. Piece of cake.

"God told me that you would help me," she began out of the blue. "He said that I could trust you because your name was Jared Cowboy, which makes your initials J. C., like Jesus Christ. J period C period. Get it? You're a JC person. JC persons are always working for the Lord. I was going to change my name to Jolene Christ so I could be a JC person too, but God said that Mary was the best name for me because I'm carrying His baby. He said it was OK to name the baby a JC name though, that's why I'm going to name the baby Jesus even if it's a girl, cause it's God's baby. I did it with God. You even got to see me doing it with God didn't you, Cowboy? You're lucky. Did you see God waving at you? Not many people get waved at by God. Oh, and from now on, you have to buy everything you're ever going to buy at JC Penny stores. That's how it works. All of God's JC people have to shop there. That's why that lady from that old TV show, the first angel one, sells clothes there, so JC people will have something to wear. It was called 'Charlie's Angels'. See, Charlie begins with a C. I bet that was his middle name. I bet his first name was something like James, or John, or maybe even Jared, like yours. That would make him a JC person too. When we get to the restaurant I'm goin' to order cranberry juice because flipped around it's JC too."

Her godforsaken harangue continued in similar vein all the way into Delta. Cowboy wondered how she did it. She was making his head spin. Even though it made no sense, he could see a loopy motif occurring as frequently as a three-chord hook in a bad rock song. Jesus Christ! (Damn, now he was doing it!) What made this God thing so compelling for her?

Baffled, he shook his head. They had reached Delta and he was looking for an all-night eatery. So far there were only hamburger and taco joints. What he needed was a sit down kind of place, one that would serve pancakes at this hour of the night. He spied an unappetizing sign ahead. Yes! It was a Denny's, just what he was looking for! "Pancakes for Mistress Mary!" he grinned at his companion. The nearness of the end of his ordeal made him lighthearted and magnanimous with good will. Delighted by the proximity of the promised feast, Mary beamed back at him, yellow and crooked of tooth. Perversely, it made Cowboy think of the girl in the photograph again. The ghost of her sweet smile floated in the air between him and Mary like the smile of the Cheshire Cat.

Thus, all smiles, and to all appearances a happy, if oddly matched, young couple, they pulled into the Denny's parking lot. When Cowboy looked at what was parked in the row in front of his chosen space, his smile fled so fast, time seemed to reverse its direction. There were three, count 'em, three county sheriffs' SUV's lined up in a row (just like Mistress Mary quite contrary's pretty maids) right smack in front of the restaurant's plate glass windows. Worse yet, Cowboy could see the sheriffs sitting together in a booth which looked out on their cruisers. Damn if it didn't look like a fucking John Wayne convention! No way was he going in there! He'd rather take the loony out to Lake Sevier!

That quickly became his new strategy. In plan C, he would tell Mary that God had sent him a communiqué. They were to proceed immediately to the lake, no passing go, no collecting their two hundred dollars or any blueberry pancakes. These were direct orders from the Man upstairs. Hopefully, she'd buy it. After all, wasn't Cowboy a JC person? Inspired, he turned to Mary and found himself staring down the barrel of his own gun.

She held it steady and level with his face. Crazy or not, she knew enough to have flipped the safety to the unsafe position. Something told him that she also knew to squeeze, not jerk, the trigger. "I'll blow your head off!" she growled.

Whatever happened to him being a JC person, he wondered. "Mary, what the fuck...?" he started. She cut him off. "Get out of the car, you Judas!" she ordered.

"What? What the hell are you talking about?" He was strangely bewildered and curiously stung by being called a Judas. "What?" he asked again.

"You know what, fucker! You weren't going to take me to Lake Sevier. You've been lying to me all along. You just picked me up because you thought I'd have sex with you. And when you found out I was God's girlfriend, you decided to ditch me. Well, fucker, you're not ditching me. I'm ditching you! Get out of the fucking car!" she ended with a shout that Cowboy half-feared, half-hoped might be heard by the lawmen behind the glass. He glanced quickly in their direction. They were munching on donuts and sipping coffee. They hadn't an inkling of the drama unfolding not twenty feet from where they sat. He heard the sound of the gun's hammer being cocked.

"OK, OK!" he snapped as he kicked his door open and sprang out of Diablo like a jack-in-the-box. He backed off a respectful fifteen feet. What did she intend to do next? What was *her* plan C? The TransAm rocked from side to side as she heaved herself into the driver's seat. She slammed the door shut and started the engine. Cowboy's blood ran cold. It couldn't be happening, but it was. His beautiful and precious Diablo was being hijacked by an armed lunatic, a woman who was deemed unfit by the state of Utah to hold a driver's license in her hand, much less a loaded gun, a gun which was still pointed all too accurately at his head.

There was nothing he could do to stop her. Nothing. Cowboy watched, helpless, as the woman who'd nearly emasculated him, took his gun, took his lucrative cache of drugs, took his sweet sweet Diablo, and took herself into the night like a successful train robber. He watched her without blinking until she was completely out of sight. What was he going to do now? Briefly, he thought of seeking the help of the sheriffs, but in a night of stupid decisions, he realized that one would be a front-runner. He felt all forlorn, like an abandoned child.

Fuck! He hated feeling powerless! Goddamn that crazy bitch to hell and back! When he caught up with her, he was going to kick her ass but good! As Cowboy's anger began to build, his blood warmed to a roiling boil. Resolve and revenge stiffened his spine. He'd been acting like a touchy-feely, sensitive bullshit pussy all night. It was high time he acted like a man. He was going to get his gun, car, and drugs back! Shit, he knew where she was headed! All he had to do

was find a way to get out there himself. With that in mind, he began walking down the street towards a truck stop he'd noticed about half a mile back.

It turned out that getting a lift was the easiest part. The trucker who gave him the ride was some kind of Southern, Foot-Washing, Bible-Thumping Baptist, and he had a wild hair up his ass about the Mormons. He was delighted to find that Cowboy was a Utah native and proceeded to preach the true word of God to him the entire length of Route 50 from Delta to Lake Sevier. Cowboy soon formed the opinion that no matter what heinous crime he might commit before his departure from this mortal coil, he would not be sent to hell for it. He figured he was suffering enough already. He'd done his time, stuck in a truck with an erstwhile sane human who had a bigger God obsession than Mary had.

Still, the voluble Baptist was a decent man and didn't want to leave Cowboy on a desert roadside surrounded by nowhere. Only when Cowboy told him he was following the trail of a fictional drunken brother who'd taken off with his car did the guy agree to stop. He also helped Cowboy search for where the TransAm's wide tires had turned onto one of the dirt roads that lead into the Sevier wilderness, and even apologized for not being able to take him any further, seeing as he was driving an eighteen wheeler, not a Jeep. And when he handed a sack full of provisions to Cowboy for his desert trek, Cowboy was so moved by his act of Christian kindness that he found himself pledging to sit in on a Baptist service sometime in the future. After an exchange of "God blesses", they parted company. The trucker continued on his way to Nevada, and Cowboy began the ambulatory part of his quest.

Ahead of him was a long walk indeed. Some of the BLM roads went back ten, fifteen, twenty miles or so. He hoped this wasn't one of them. Luckily, there was just enough moonlight from the slim crescent low in the sky to delineate the boundaries of the road. Cowboy shifted the negligible weight of the trucker's providential gift onto one hip and set off briskly.

Four hours later, after many footsore rests (Goddamn K-Mart boots!), and after the lunch sack had magically gained weight in spite of being a few pop cans less, Cowboy decided that he must be on one of the longer roads. But he knew he was on the right one because he could see the impressions of Diablo's mag wheels when the road had a sandy stretch. The sky looked a bit lighter. Dawn couldn't be far off. Cowboy paused to scan the landscape, which was indeed lightening from black to gray in the waxing pre-dawn light. Ahead were some hills, prelude to the mountains which rose up from the desiccated lake bed. The road ran in their direction. If he could see that much detail, it meant the weird black night was nearly over. Heartened, Cowboy continued his forward march.

Surprisingly, it took him less than an hour to reach the hills. He wasn't looking forward to climbing them, but the imminent rising of the sun and an elevated vantage point would certainly aid him in his search. He hoped for a miracle, that he would be able to see Diablo once he gained the top of the first hill. Hope gave him renewed energy and speed. He hurried up the pitched slope.

Indeed, Diablo was waiting like some divine



manifestation as he crested the top. It was parked on the side of the road, driver's door hanging crazily open. There was no one inside. Cowboy approached with caution. Somewhere close by was a lunatic with a gun, a lunatic who'd called him Judas. He listened, but didn't hear anything except the morning songs of birds, a welcome sound if he'd ever heard one. Slowly, he crept up to Diablo, conscientiously and silently closing the door. He looked inside. Chocolate was smeared everywhere. Otherwise all seemed in order. The keys were still in the ignition. He leaned in to take them. Something gray and metallic on the floor caught his eye. His gun! Whew! Now he didn't have to worry about getting shot! He checked to see if it was still loaded. It was and the safety was back on. He tucked it into his belt and debated whether or not he should search for Mary.

His first impulse was to hightail it out of there and leave her to her fate, but, although he looked into the very blackest parts of his soul, Cowboy couldn't find it in him to abandon her out there in the wilderness. By noon the temperature was like as not going to hit a hundred and ten. The sooner he found her, the better for both of them. He bent to examine the ground for footprints.

Fifty feet from the car, along the edge of a steeply angled cliff, he found Mary's familiar sized sneaker imprints. He followed them for another fifty feet to where they disappeared over the edge, a fresh ditch furrowing downward in the talus. Cowboy closed his eyes tight. He didn't want to look over the edge. He wanted to rewind recent time until he was standing next to Diablo again, perhaps even hearing the shuffle of

Mary's approaching footsteps. But though life sometimes seemed to have a pause button, and definitely had a fast forward button, it didn't have a rewind button. He knew something irrevocable was waiting at the bottom of the cliff. Cowboy opened his eyes and looked down. Forty feet below, Mary lay, limbs horribly akimbo, motionless. "Mary! Mary!" he called to her. "It's me, Jared... Cowboy!" She didn't stir.

Maybe she's only knocked out, he thought desperately as he clambered down a more stable rock face nearby. Maybe she's sleeping. She's crazy enough to take a nap in a place like this! But when Cowboy reached the bottom, he knew exactly what he'd known at the top when he saw her prints disappear over the edge. He felt numb and in horrible pain all at the same time. Kneeling down beside her, he began to arrange her splayed limbs into a more peaceful posture like he was trying to correct death. Her head was at such an impossible angle, he could tell that her neck had been broken by the fall. Gently, he cradled her head in his hands and moved it in line with her body. He closed her glazed pale eyes and folded her hands across her upper abdomen. Should he go and get help? It was too late for that. Help should have come years ago when the light went out of that young girl's smile. For the first time he wondered where the fuck her family was. Why had they had abandoned her to face her fate alone?

No, he wasn't going to notify anyone. He was witness enough to this lost woman's life and death. After smoothing Mary's yellow hair into place, Cowboy stood up. He knew what to do.

He climbed back to the top of the cliff and walked to the spot where she'd fallen off. The rocks below were loose and precariously close to rolling down the cliff of their own accord. It wouldn't take much to start a slide. Looking around, he found some boulders, small enough to carry, big enough to initiate a slide, and tipped them over the edge of the cliff. They had the desired effect. With a loud rumble and a great puff of dust, the slope gave way to their momentum and in mere seconds Mary's body was entombed in Pre-Cambrian shale.

Cowboy felt his cheeks grow cold as his tears evaporated almost instantaneously in the arid air. He was not the same man as the green outlaw who had driven so blithely from Salt Lake last night. That man would be ashamed of him. But who else in this cold world would cry for her, and who would cry for that outlaw when his turn came someday?

When his tears had run their course, he returned to Diablo, opened the trunk, unzipped the duffel bag, and searched until he pulled a sheet of Golden Tablets out. Ripping off two tabs, he walked back to the edge of the cliff above Mary's final resting place. Picking a shady spot where he could rest his back against a boulder, Cowboy sat down and popped the tabs into his mouth. He waited for them to have their effect. There was somebody he wanted to talk to.

—J.D. Zeigler

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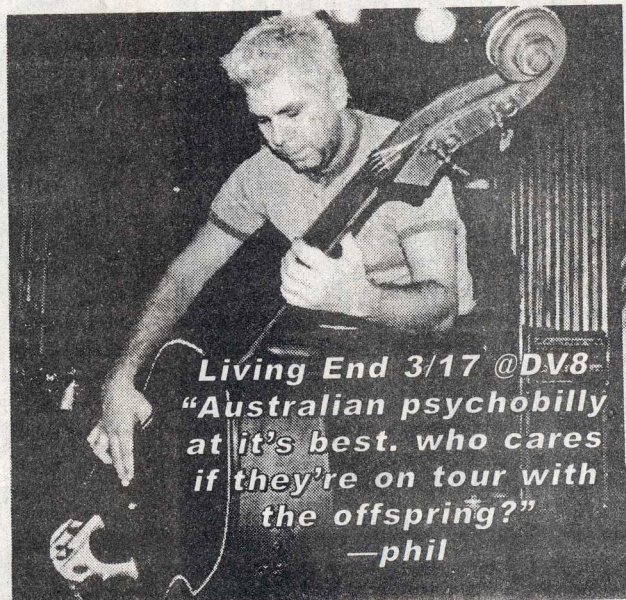
# Where Were You?

stuff you missed last month for  
whatever dumb ass reason

all photos by Angela H. Brown



**Built to Spill 4/22 @DV8**  
"it was a sure sign of good living. fucking outstanding"  
—lief



**Living End 3/17 @DV8-**  
"Australian psychobilly at it's best. who cares if they're on tour with the offspring?"  
—phil





**Elliot Smith 4/13 @ DV8**  
**"a sold out show full of  
 sensitive boy/girl couples"**  
**—AHB**

**ICU 3/27 @ DV8**  
**"it was like floating in elec-  
 tronic theremin heaven"**  
**—Javier**



**Zen Guerilla 4/20 @ DV8**  
**"garage trash & blues straight outta  
 the Philadelphia Baptist Church"**  
**—Lonnie**



# CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

## FREQUENCY 99

Various Artists / Virgin

## ABSOLUTE HITS

Various Artists / Atlantic

Because of the success of the multi-label and artist, NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC, now we will have to endure all kinds of compilation albums. They have good and bad points. Frequency 99 has 16 hits that clock in at close to 64:00. Because they have included "Unbelievable" and "Right Here Right Now," you can safely trade in your EMF and Jesus Jones albums. "Tennessee" and "The Crying Game" are also included.

These are among the highlights. One of my guilty pleasures, "Just Another Day," is the last song. If you're laughing at that, feel free to kiss my ass.

On Absolute Hits, more of the same. You can get the "Batman" version of Jewel's "Foolish Games," not to be found on her albums. The dance mix of "Missing" by E.B.T.G. is also here. Along with the good, once again, we have the bad. Recent hits by Brandi, Aaliyah and Monica are also included. These 16 tracks equal close to 70 minutes.

These are basically compilations for fans of pop music. If you are such, these are worth checking out. They have enough songs and hits to be worth the money. Otherwise, these compilations will not appeal to you at all.

—T.R.

## PENELOPE HOUSTON

Tongue Reprise

## THE AVENGERS

Died For Your Sins / Lookout

Penelope Houston was the singer for the critically acclaimed punk band the Avengers, big on the scene in San Francisco from '77 to '79. After their brief and popular punk gig, she didn't record again until 1987.

That year she returned with a beautiful folk album, Birdboys, and her solo career had begun. She released a few solo albums and then in '96 was signed by Reprise. Her first album for them was Cut You, an album where she took some of the songs she had previously recorded and did them again for Reprise.

Tongue is her second for Reprise, and on this one she has recorded 13 new songs, including two written with her buddies from the Go-Go's, Charlotte



Caffey and Jane Wiedlin. They helped out on the title track and "Things." One of the best here is "Scum," available in two versions, one a little more up tempo than the other. She won't say who it's about, just that it's someone in the industry who she really hates. If you like your girl rock somewhere in-between Aimee Mann and Garbage, this would work for you. I like this second major-label album much more than her first.

Died For Your Sins is a collection of live tracks, demos and other out-of-print stuff from back in her punk heyday. The Avengers were one of the few bands to play with the Sex Pistols, the Dead Kennedys, the Go-Go's and X. This is the type of music that made punk rock so great back then. Raw, angry, unproduced and high energy rock. You should definitely pick this up while it's available, because nothing of theirs is easy to find.

—T.R.

## KRISTIN HERSH

Murder, Misery and Then Goodnight / 4AD

## GRAHAM PARKER

Loose Monkeys / Up Yours

MMTG is a collection of Appalachian folk songs sung to Kristin when she was a young 'un by her daddy. These songs were

recorded right after the sessions for her last album Strange Angels, but didn't come out until recently. Her son Ryder sings along on "Momma's Gonna Buy." "I Never Will Marry" and "Banks of the Ohio" are worth the price. Unfortunately, you won't find this one on the shelf at your local CD store. This is the first in what will apparently be a long line of 4AD internet-only releases. Here's the sites you can find it at: 4AD.com, CDNow.com, Amazon.com, Musicboulevard.com, UBL.com and secretsounds.com.

Loose Monkeys is also an internet-only disc. Subtitled Spare Tracks and Lost Demos, it was an idea by Graham to give something extra to his special fans. If you're not familiar with him, he was born in England in 1950, and started his career in the pubs there. He sounds like a combination of Joe Jackson, the E Street Band and Nick Lowe (who sometimes produces), heavy on the R & B side. Demos here are "Tortured Soul," "Natalie," "She's Been Working" and "Don't Kid Yourself." This one can be found at [www.razorandtie.com](http://www.razorandtie.com).

Both of these are a must for fans of these artists.

—T.R.

## TEEN IDOLS

Pucker Up / Honest Don's

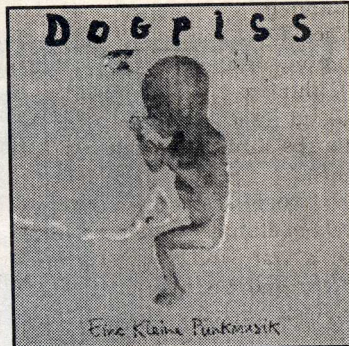
Second full-length from the Idols, a Southern punk rock that combines the rebel rock of the 50's with the pop punk of the 70's. Short, loud, fast punk rock songs with a male vocal and Heather doing backup vocals as well as the bass. Add a guitar and drums and you've got yourself a fun little album. Two of my faves were "Insanity Plea" where the subject finds that his 'girlfriend' has been shopping for rings with her boyfriend. "Virtual Loser" bitch-es about computer geeks. Good sophomore effort.

—T.R.

## DOGPIS

Eine Kleine Punkmusik  
Honest Don's

Starting with the cover, it's offensive. That means we're off to a good start. This is like a British supergroup of punk rock. These members are made up of former members of Snuff and Guns 'N'



Wankers. High-energy punk rock with a lot of heavy metal guitar. There is also an obvious pop sensibility and harmonizing vocals. "Polythene" and "That's Enough" were my faves. By the way, just FYI, the song title "N.T.B.I.A." stands for "Nice Tits But is it Art?"

—T.R.

## LIFE IN THE FAT LANE

Various Artists

## Fat Wreck Chords

I really like those lovely and talented motherfuckers at Fat Wreck and here's one of the reasons right here. When Fat Brian isn't having phone sex 'til the wee hours of the morning and Vanessa isn't doing lap dances, they are putting together some nifty little compilations. Here's another compilation with damn near everyone from the Fat Wreck label. The tracks by No Use For a Name, Avail and Good Riddance will only be found right here. Consumed's "A Twat Called Maurice" is from their upcoming album. Frenzal Bomb has a track from their upcoming project. Besides these, there are previously released tracks by the likes of Lagwagon, the Swingin' Utters and and NOFX. But the real catch is the price. It has a 3.98 list price, which means that with a couple of exceptions, all CD stores should have this album for considerably less than four bucks. Go buy it you fucking tight sons of bitches.

—T.R.

## GOOD RIDDANCE

Operation Phoenix

## Fat Wreck Chords

Punk rock with some of that good old-school punk attitude. Volatile, politically charged, very hard and thrashy. The song titles say it all; "Heresy, Hypocrisy and Revenge," "Shit-Talking



Capitalists" and "Yesterday Died-Tomorrow Won't Be Born" are among the agenda. "After the Nightmare" states "Drowning in blood and holy water/The bombs turned the battlefield to dust."

Also, in keeping with the old-school attitude, there is a picture of a war atrocity on the back cover, and it is a very unpleasant sight to behold. Apparently, a military faction, I'm assuming somewhere in South America has captured someone and dumped acid on them which has eaten their skull to the bone. It's a horrific picture.

To find out about the picture as well as the band, you can write to them at 849 Almar Avenue, Suite C-221, Santa Cruz CA 95060.

—T.R.

**DROPKICK MURPHY'S**  
**The Gang's All Here**  
**CHOKING VICTIM**  
*No Gods/No Managers*  
**Hellcat/Epitaph**

Dropkick Murphy's second album (with a new vocalist) pretty much starts where the other left off. This is a version of oi-punk rock for the working class. They're buddies with Rancid which will give you a little of an idea of the sound. I LOVED their versions of "Amazing Grace" and "The Fighting 69th." Choking Victim is a five year old band that does a combo of punk, ska and metal with, according to them, "the Satanic point of view."

The band members of Choking Victim pride themselves in their punkness and live in squats, or would at least like to. As with most of the Hellcat and Epitaph bands, these two also have a huge political edge. If you're a fan of the label, you won't be disappointed.

—T.R.

**WILCO**  
*Summerteeth / Reprise*  
**SON VOLT**  
*Wide Swing Tremolo*  
**Warner Brothers**

These are both good albums, but they ain't Uncle Tupelo. For that matter, Summerteeth isn't Mermaid Avenue or Being There, either. This album rocks a little more than usual and the sad part

is they seem to be slowly losing their country flava. Their alt-country sound is very obviously where they excel. "She's a Jar" and "When You Wake Up Feeling Old" are proof of that. The real highlight here is the stripped-down "We're Just Friends." Stay tuned after track #14 for the two bonus tracks.

Ditto on Son Volt. Too much rockin' for me. More of a combo of straight-ahead rock with a mix of alt-country than normal. "Carry You Down" and "Strands," which remind me of their Uncle Tupelo roots are highlights. The one thing I'll always like better about Son Volt is Jay Farrar's voice. He can make a sad song real sad.

Buy them both.

—T.R.

**SIMON SAYS**  
**Jump Start / Hollywood Records**

Pretty-boy punk rock from Sacramento. This is produced by Rob Cavallo (Green Day) and Mark Needham (Cake), which contributes to their hard sound. In their early 20's, they've been on the punk scene of Sacramento for about five years. They do introspective, aggressive hard rock. Would definitely be appealing to fans of the Warped Tour, Fuel, Creed anything along those lines. One very refreshing thing about this album is the lack of ska. I am so sick of hearing ska mixed in with the punk rock that this felt like a masterpiece. The very closest is "Seamless" and that's not very close. "Bold," "Act One" and "Perfect Example" are excellent. But, the real highlight is the creepy last track, "Sam." This spooky little number shows that even though the members of Simon Says love soda pop, bubblegum and porno, this is no Romper Room, and if Miss Julie exists in this world, she's probably a filthy whore. Pretty good shit and a band I'll be looking forward to hearing more from in the future.

—T.R.

**DIANE IZZO**  
**One / Sugar Free Records**

The first track had me a little worried. It sounded like Sarah McLachlan. Not meaning that badly, I like Sarah okay, I've just

heard enough for this period of my life. Luckily, this is the only song that really bears a resemblance. Produced by Brad Wood (Exile in Guyville), it occasionally sounds like Liz Phair, but most of the time much closer to women she obviously listens to a lot of, Patti Smith and PJ Harvey.

On her debut, Diane takes the bluesy, quirky pop of Patti and PJ and breathes her own life into that sound with very thoughtful and provocative lyrics. The songs are primal and raw, yet dark and beautiful at the same time.

Diane also says that she got a lot of her musical influence from Joni Mitchell and Leonard Cohen, saying she really likes musicians that don't have perfect voices. Diane herself doesn't need to have a perfect voice, either, although it is pretty good. It has the emotional power that PJ Harvey has at times. This is the most obvious on songs "The Real One," "Polyphonic" and "Walking Out." She experiments with electronica a little on "Wicked Spell." "Venice" and the title track also stand out. The finale, "House of Diana" is exquisite.

This first offering from Diane definitely gets an A.

—T.R.

**MK ULTRA**  
**The Dream is Over**  
**Artichoke Records**

The name of the band comes from an LDS-type drug that was used on basically unwilling participants and sponsored by the CIA. This happened in the 50's and 60's and was touched upon in the movie "Jacob's Ladder." Needless to say, I was scared of what this CD would have in store. I was expecting the evil lovechild of Ministry and Korn.

But, it's nothing like that. They opened for Sunny Day Real Estate and their music is fairly close to that. They definitely have the jangly power pop sensibilities of the Connells or Cake, but also do elaborate arrangements like the indie rock of Eleventh Dream Day or Built to Spill.

The lyrics are the norm of a bunch of twentysomething guys with attitude problems, problems

with the opposite sex ("Fortune Cookies"), problems with dad ("What I Live For") and a problem that no guys have, masturbation ("All We Have"). That's rather a cynical title for a song about slapping the salami when you think about it. Definitely a worthy effort. You can find this one on the net at [www.subpop.com](http://www.subpop.com) if you can't find it elsewhere.

—T.R.

**PETE KREBS AND THE GOSSAMER WINGS**  
*Sweet Ona Rose / Cavity Search*



Pete Krebs is the darling of the Northwest. He was in the band Thrillhammer, which had one of their albums produced by Steve In Utero Albini, and was also a member of Hazel, one of the faves of the Northwest scene. He perhaps was at his best being the driving force behind the band Golden Delicious. Now, he's back with a full band that includes former members of Dharma Bums and Soundgarden. I prefer him when his music is a little more stripped down than this, but the songwriting is a standout. "Quickly Steals Away," "Take Me Away" and "Patiently" are the first ones that come to mind. Another good one from someone who has been consistently entertaining us for years.

—T.R.

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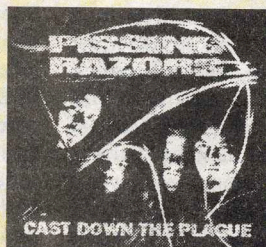


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electronic artists. Deviation and pleasant auditory nerve stimulation accompany the presence of R.L. Burnside, Gomez and "Cubanismo".

The Propellerheads, Faithless, Tricky and Blue Boy mix up rub 'n dub. Touch and Go entice and Dreamworks has a winning compilation.

—Beano

#### Dubtribe Sound System Bryant Street/Jive

Now that King Brit Presents Sylk 130 has cleansed the mind of all violence party time has arrived. The tone is exceptionally Latin. Go for the recycled disco ball and hire a troupe of go-go dancers in white spangled boots. Invite the drum circle and the healing sounds of Steve Halpern. Then get ready to shake that big ol' fat booty around. Worldbeat disco containing barely a hint of dub represented in the consortiums name.

Organs, drum machines, an entire team of percussionists and a horn section to shame early Paul Horn, Hugh Masakalla, Herbie Mann, Hubert and his younger brother Ronnie Laws. Remove the percussion, the spoken word and middle-aged housewives would wet themselves while calling "smooth jazz" stations asking for more, more, more. Believe it or not "Holler" is another Gil Scott-Heron tribute. Is it time to search out his reissues?

—Beano

#### Swing Cats / Cleopatra

Lee Rocker joins his old friend Slim Jim Phantom and Danny B. Harvey for a dull attempt at what? Rocker's "Little Buster" is the only original song of the 12 presented. While the trio attempts to touch all the bases by mixing Louis Jordan with Benny

Goodman and Dale Hawkins the recording comes off as lackluster and contrived. Swing Cats is most definitely not the answer to Setzer's multi-platinum Las Vegas rockabilly. Hard core swing-a-billies might slobber over the names, but my advice is to keep the change in the biker wallet. "Keener" versions of "Cracker Jack" are easily obtainable and even though Rocker has played with the late Carl Perkins the version of "Matchbox" presented was best left in the archives.

—Beano

#### Various Waters Fish Trees Water Blues

Just as gasoline prices rise for the summer and Earthday has come and gone once again an attempt to raise funds for environmental causes arrives. The disc is enhanced and the enhancement is a plea for cash. Of course it's a benefit. Three or four of the biggest names in modern music join some no less talented, little recognized artists. J.J. Cale was nearly forgotten after Eric Clapton adopted "Cocaine." Charlie Musselwhite, an icon on of harmonica joins Bob Weir and Ratdog? Ani DiFranco will attract a few hairy armpits. John Lee Hooker joins John Hammond, Mavis Staples has the lone gospel, Robert Cray is either set to cash in with his forthcoming Rykodisc or fail miserably and Etta James is the queen. Most of the tunes are of the blues variety. Blues is the province of 40-year-old, white baby boomers these days and no one really cares about the Earth. Expect to hear selections from the disc on any remaining liberal radio stations. Otherwise hope that Ani DiFranco collectors unwittingly contribute to a good cause by purchasing a copy.

—Beano

#### Mike Ness Cheating At Solitaire Time Bomb

Mike Ness and his new solo release will scare urine from the bladders of girl friends who believe that country-western music don't have much to do with punk rock. Back in the old days, the days when punk rock

meant something, the days when punk rock lived inside the mind and not the garments worn, punks listened to country and rockabilly. Rockabilly and country music are not of interest to you little fashion statements. What we have here is a tattooed ex-alcoholic, ex-junkie singing a few songs of his own invention and also a few songs from the history of country music. He cusses and causes a ruckus while pals such as Billy Zoom, cohorts from Royal Crown Revue, "The Boss" and Mr. Las Vegas Swing himself join in. The high points of the disc are many, but "I'm In Love With My Car," "No Man's Friend" and "Long Black Veil" reign supreme. "No Man's Friend" is the lounged up version of the Ness biography which features Mando Dorame on saxophone. Mike Ness with Mando? Why, isn't Mando a "swing" musician? Yeah, and it's about time to move on.

—Beano

#### June Carter Cash Press On / Risk

I will pretend for the sake of this review that the reader isn't stupid. Let's take a for instance. For instance, let's say the reader has purchased Cheating At Solitaire. Let's say the reader is interested in that "Long Black Veil" track. Let's say the reader is interested in black, say the "Man In Black." This is the wife of the man who flipped the bird at the entire music industry, such as it is today. The disc features gospel and it features autoharp and it features the Marty Stuart singing harmony with the wife of the man in black. Many of the punks, and I use the term loosely, in the reading audience are probably most familiar with "Ring Of Fire" due to the countless cover versions. As amazing as it seems Mike Ness rendered one of the more recognized versions of "Ring Of Fire." The tune was written by June Carter Cash as a love song to the "Man In Black." It does appear on the disc. The "Man In Black" himself appears to sing a duet with his wife - the song is a gospel number titled "The Far Side Banks Of Jordan." A number of well-respected names lent their talents. Norman

Blake and the Cash's ex-son-in-law, Rodney Crowell are two of the most prominent. Glorious music and Hank Williams are about as important to high school cliques as a homeless man begging. Dump the pseudo new age Baz Luhrman rambling your parents listen to and discover what's more punk than punk - an autoharp, an old woman playing and singing a few acoustic tunes. It could be a #1 selection at the end of 1999, just like Lucinda Williams' Car Wheels On A Gravel Road disc SLUG readers are unaware of.

—Beano

#### 44 Long Inside the Horse's Head Sideburn Records

44 Long has it all. They boogie, sway, strut and slosh around in the swamp for fourteen tracks of pure, uncut rock and roll. "Noelle," the first cut, is a mid-tempo ballad that actually has you pining for the woman the song is named for. God, I miss her. The second track, "Colonize Paradise," caught me by surprise. These guys have been shooting 70's arena rock steroids and it hasn't shrunk their jewels a bit. How do you pull this kind of thing off and still look cool? Ask 44 Long. How do you take a veritable cornucopia of influences and put 'em on one album without producing a disjointed Frankenstein of an effort? Ask 44 Long. It's all here, my friends. I'd like to list them all, but that would leave the wrong picture in your head. Just get this before it sells out like their first, self-released album Collect Them All. Wish I could.

—RH

#### 6 Going On Seven Heartbreak's Got Backbeat Some Records

Have you ever read a CD review where the hack writes something like, "this CD has been stuck in my player for weeks and I can't get it out." Well, the person is lying. Any hack that's working for a living has stacks of CDs to listen to. Output equals cash and listening to the same CD for weeks can result in unemployment. That said this disc has visited my



changer on more than one occasion. There is something about "emo-core," which I believe is the correct media coined term for such music, that appeals to my ears. The fact that civ's Sammy is co-owner of the record label does help. 6 Going On Seven is another band with tremendous pop songs that, I guess, aren't slick enough for the radio. Since the music is "emo-core" there is a punk rock sensibility. The band also imitates the ringing guitars that made REM so popular before they became famous. Nothing is new in rock. What is different from REM are the songs and the vocals. The songs, hello, look at the title, deal with love. These songs aren't written from the perspective of a literate individual totally lacking the ability to reveal any emotion. How many can relate to "you know, it wasn't always like this, but ever since you left..." when dealing with those one kind of feelings. "Feelings." No, the disc isn't that kind. One song tells it all. "Reverse Midas" has this chorus, "From best friends to better left unsaid." The guitars chime just like REM. Since REM can't make a decent album anymore then I guess their fans can tune in to 6 Going On Seven. The band will visit Salt Lake City and perform live at the Moroccan on April 18. Call 297-2125 for more information.

—Wa

#### Beth Orton

##### **Central Reservation / Arista**

I find it fascinating that Beth Orton has denied her folk emphasis in print on more than one occasion and then she releases a folk album. Work with technology all day and all night and the final analysis becomes a folk record. Not to say that the "folk" experience is outside the norm of a girl with an acoustic guitar, but come on. Have you individuals listened to Snakefarm? Orton might as well give it all up and confess because Central Reservation is filled with lovely folk ballads to chill the bones. When folk music is the topic lyrics are of more importance than the music because the vast majority of folk musicians learned the rudiments of guitar

and then concentrated on the words. Orton, being the non-folk musician that she is, didn't include a lyric sheet, but think of this lyric, "I can still taste you on my fingers and smell you on my breath." Since the person singing and writing the lyric is female I believe further investigation isn't warranted. The lyric is taken from "Central Reservation." Orton revisits the song later and the entire melody is taken from, I believe, "Missing You." Listening to the disc is a bit strange if Joni Mitchell's Blue is familiar. I'm not about to stretch that far because I might pull a muscle, but here we have a young artist in her peak creative years. She's doing folk music for those who hate folk music and down the road a piece, if she or the world lasts long enough, Central Reservation could well exist right alongside Blue. Go electronica your rave ravaged minds.

—Wa

##### **Bluezeum featuring Adwin Brown / Put Your Mind On Hold Telarc**

How did a Telarc release find it's way into the pages of SLUG? Damned if I know but the label should send more. Bluezeum, in case you are a common SLUG idiot, had one CD out before. I used to play that thing at work before the Nazis took over and went by the book. In case Nazis are unfamiliar I'm forwarding you to Hellkitten's Shack of Bliss on the Internet. Which brings me to Telarc and Bluezeum. Funk. Trip hop. Hip hop. If you freaks think Morcheeba is music for smokin' to then you ain't heard no Bluezeum. These cats had me craving the dank in the drawer and there ain't no more kind of that nature 'til the crop comes in this May. Telarc is a label for blues, jazz and classical music. Bluezeum fits into the marketing plan due to a bent for combining at least two of the afore mentioned genres. The shit's great if y'all got my connection. Even if y'all don't, y'all might want to check into the live and leave those poor saps working digital in their bedrooms to the other poor geeks who work in their bedrooms and write for fish wraps. The preceding is copy-

righted and trademarked. No fools need ta copy.

—Wa

#### Various Artists

##### **A Faster, Pussy...attack!**

##### **Tora! Tora! Tora!**

Howling Bull America gives up the goods on nine Japanese metal bands. Some of these bands sing in English and some don't. Some have lyrics that English can't do justice. Others make sense. All lyrics, English or Japanese are helpfully printed in the CD booklet. I say helpfully because few lyrics are comprehensible by listening. Everything moves along swimmingly as the expected crunch obliterates any hope those tiny hairs in the ear have of surviving until Space Combine arrives with their second song. "Drain" isn't metal at all. It's a silly pop ballad one might find in collected form on a made for television compilation advertised at about 3:30 a.m. on cable television. Why does this song deserve more words than any other? Because every other song sounds like more fucking metal. Oh sure, United's "Flashback" is an exciting driving type of thing for blasting out the rear of an El Camino and Yellow Machinegun is an all-girl trio and the Garlic Boys have two tunes for jumping around too and not to mention the cover art, which is eye catching - in the end it's more of the same. As the record label "one sheet" informed me, "promo service to heavy music magazines & fanzines on a national, regional & international level." I can walk into SLUG headquarters and pick up an armload of similar shit on any day of the week. After a decade it becomes pretty tiring. Scream and be pissed off. I scream too and I'm nearly always pissed off. It hasn't changed a damn thing and as much as Panarama Africa wants to "Fuck the role of society" they'll give up sooner or later and become a part of it. If the reader can find a copy of the disc anyplace in Salt Lake City and if the reader has about \$15 to toss into a cinder block wall then go for it. The wall by the way, is for banging your head into until you are bloodied and senseless and looking for another

\$15 to toss into a cinder block wall to bang your head into until you are bloodied and senseless and looking for another \$15 to...jump around too, channel Billy Bragg for another Afro Heaven tune... and start looking for another \$15 as Tsukasa Harakawa of Hellchild or Komazawa and Masa of Taiho have you banging your head into a cinder block wall until.....There, that wasn't so bad after all.

—Wa

#### Groovie Ghoulies

##### **Fun In The Dark**

##### **Lookout Records**

The trick to enjoying a Groovie Ghoulies record doesn't have as much to do with the blatant "sounds like Ramones" music because that Ramones sound will never grow old or tired. The trick to the Groovie Ghoulies is the lyrics. For this outing they call on a Queens inspiration for "She Get's All The Girls." Of course the opener "Carly Simon" has a social statement someplace in the title, but the Ghoulies have to keep listeners involved with the band name. "Vampire Girl" dispenses with the issue nearly as well as the locker-sized fold-out cover. It isn't time to replace your Nashville Pussy cover just yet. Simply add the Ghoulies to a display that will result in suspension even if the authorities don't find drugs or guns. "Lonely Planet Boy" is the sensitive power ballad, "Have Your Way With Me" is blatantly begging for sexual intercourse and "She's Got A Brain Scrambling Device" answers the #1 question on every puberty confused boy's brain - "how come just looking at her little knobs gives me a boner?" "Have You Seen My Monkey?" continues the theme. The Groovie Ghoulies have the teen-aged market covered. As if proof hadn't already been offered they rewrite "Rock 'N' Roll High School" as "The Spell Is On." Has depression set in? "Joy Says" covers the topic. Is lack of self-esteem an issue? The Groovie Ghoulies top Eminem's stupid white boy rap with "Laugh At Me." The fireworks and earth quaking orgasm is covered with "Let's Go To The Moon" and "Don't Make



# CD REVIEWS FOR THE RECORD COMPANY MAN

"Me Kill You Again" is the closing double entendre. The Groovie Ghoulies use fucking as a metaphor for murder. "I didn't want to do it the first time, but they said it had to be done, I didn't want to do it a second time, but you decided to run, I don't want to do it a third time, so why not sit there and act dumb." Any teen-aged boy realizes that three times is nothing. The Groovie Ghoulies must be getting old with the three time tune, but at least the disc is better than some No Limit shit and the cover art isn't as tired as a '97 playa doing time in '99. The Groovie Ghoulies will pay another visit to Salt Lake City on May 22 at DV8.

—Wa

## Jimi "Prime Time" Smith *Give Me Wings* Atomic Theory

Why would a guitar god open his latest release with an acid jazz cover of a Benny Golson number which emphasizes the acid jazz attributes of a Hammond B-3? Take the fucker on the road boys. "Killer Joe" is about it until the cats decide Jimmy Reed was the cat instead of Jimmy Smith. The second tune is "U For Me" and Jimmy Reed might as well be in the house. You better sit down kids because Cher is holding down the #1 spot and Sonny's in the grave. Two songs in and the band has opened a groove deeper than the Grand Canyon. The title song isn't the best job of lyrical poetry I've ever listened to, but the tune is where Smith finally begins to demonstrate his blues guitar. Give Me Wings is a live recording and the clapping and cheering, as is so often the case with live recordings, are a detriment to enjoyment. Don't allow the rowdy white folks in the bar to detract from the experience.

That opening track was a camouflaged attempt to bring pseudo hipster sheep to the pens for springtime shearing. The cat, "Prime Time" can't sing worth a damn, but when he starts to wail on his guitar attention is paid. Toss "Tipping" and toss the title track. What's up with the filler on Atomic Theory releases these days?

—Wa

## Sonic Joyride / *Breathe* Anomaly Records

Well hello! Sonic Joyride's disc came with a letter, a sheaf of press clippings and information on upcoming radio promotion. You, the reader, have the opportunity to win a backyard Sonic Joyride concert if a radio station in your market picks up "You'll Never Know" as an add. I can't wait. Here is a cliché filled report from Billboard Magazine. "While record labels continuously battle to differentiate their product from the glut of new titles in the retail world, there is also the logjam of baby acts on the road." Yippee! Sonic Joyride has played "some 240 shows since their last release Bazaar." Their new one, Breathe, pretty much sucks. The band sounds like Band Generic from Anywhere U.S.A. Listening to the album, Breathe, is kind of like waiting for the results of a Marilyn Manson club kid's Jenny Jones paternity test from his trailer park ex as Band Generic from Anywhere U.S.A. performs live on national television once and only once. And now for a commercial. Sonic Joyride is from New Hampshire. We have better in Salt Lake City. Good luck to Sonic Joyride. If Sonic Joyride manages to tour Utah I certainly won't write about the performance because the disc is like listening to a wall mounted can crusher recycling empties of that generic beer they used to sell at Smiths before the bulk aisle overtook generic in fashion conscious minds. Sucks, sucks, sucks. Isn't there enough no talent? Do we really need additional?

—Wa

## Johnny Vegas / *Forest Hill Drive* Leprechaun Records

Johnny Vegas has Sonic Joyride's Breathe follow-up. CMJ

writes, "Boasting a huge collegiate following, this upstate New York group puts a 90's spin on the pop sound of the 60's." That's enough to scare the piss out of me. Are 90's college students just about the dumbest fucks around when it comes to music? What pop sound of the 60's is CMJ thinking of because I'm not hearing it. Johnny Vegas came up with a cool name for his band and not much else. I put 30 CDs in a box in a dark room and I'm selecting them totally at random. I'm not intent on writing negative words about anyone, but...come on Johnny. Johnny's 90's by way of the 60's pop sounds more like Jenny Jones' "Band Two" from Anywhere U.S.A. Johnny Vegas appeared during a "male-makeover" broadcast. At least Sonic Joyride came up with some creative ideas to market themselves. Johnny Vegas is just more of the same, same, same. Generic "alternative rock." A vocalist in the Seattle vein with a band backing him in traditional 90's college circuit fashion. There isn't one single song to excite the ears. Snore, yawn. Admittedly I didn't listen to every song in its entirety. There wasn't a point. Why waste the time? Even the hidden track is generic. God!

—Wa

## Manual Scan

### *All Night Stand - The Best Of Manual Scan 1980-1992*

#### Get Hip

Not another cover of "I Can Only Give You Everything." Where does this garage band hail from? If they cover "Shape Of Things To Come" I'll shit myself. Hopefully a new box of Depends is in the home because that's the third song. Mine bear Max Frost's autograph. The band is from San Diego and Get Hip's informative liner notes tell me that Manual Scan were loved by both the power pop mod crowd and by '60s purists. I'm not sure what the mod crowd was doing involved with the band because the recording as it is presented in compact disc form is obviously of more interest to '60s purists. So you've collected every fucking garage band record from the 60's and you've acquired the compact disc reissue as well. A thirst for even

more garage music is unsatisfied. The house is filled from basement to attic as if Dr. Demento was your mentor. There isn't time in the day to listen to it all and still the desire for more, more, more rules. By all means investigate Internet sources for Manual Scan.

Garage power pop is the forgotten genre. The niche is so tiny that it is nearly non-existent and the underground continues to flourish. Who remembers the Jags? Who has a Kings or a King Bee's CD in their collection? Do or don't Manual Scan belongs with all that other idiotic, garage crap all you old fuckers listen to.

—Wa

## The Neatbeats / *Far And Near* Get Hip Recordings

Four young Japanese gentlemen got together with some late sixties British influences and newer names involved in retro recording. Each and everyone has graduated from high school and worked in the Japanese service sector. Their music is Merseybeat with American rockabilly and surf music tossed about as an afterthought. "Unhappy Girls" has the claimed Searchers/Beatles love combined with the rockabilly. "Hi-Heel Sneakers" is done as Elvis on a surfboard. The Neatbeats gave me some help with the analysis because Eddie Angel is mentioned by lead singer/guitarist Takashi, Kazuya (rhythm guitar/vocals) likes the Searchers and the drummer/vocalist, Shinya mentions the Beatles as one of his favorite groups. They even cover "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry." Without question the best tune of the 13 presented is "Unhappy Girls." Searchers pop is combined with the early Beatles playing rockabilly and the Neatbeats sneak in a sly reference to Clarence "Frogman" Henry. There are times when I wonder why. Why play Merseybeat when so few care? Why do retro at all? Why export the stuff to America? There must be a faint glimmer of hope that America will suddenly go British Invasion crazy and embrace Japanese bands. Far And Near is as refreshing as a disc can get. Who among the SLUG reading audience can



name one Searchers' song? Who can name Clarence "Frogman" Henry's claim to fame and who can list two bands Eddie Angel has played in? The Neatbeats are so retro that the vast majority would think their music is the coolest thing since the Marvelous 3 or the New Radicals - if they ever heard a sample. They won't, you won't, go back to sleep.

—Wa

### **Punkin'** **Punk Rock 'N' Roll From Spain** **Hell Yeah!**

Y'all got yer bands like Johnny Vegas and Sonic Joyride and I guess in America that kind of music is exciting to the vast majority who aren't into rap. It was a warm day and I was outside sitting in a rockin' chair, pickin' belly button lint and pondering my existence and my musical taste. I was listening to The Pussycats and their tune titled "Fuck You" when a constable walked up the sidewalk to deliver a bench warrant for an unpaid parking ticket. He said, "Do you want to go to jail? How much money do you have? Can you give me \$100 to cover your bail?" "Fuck You," was my reply. "The jail is filled with meth chemists and Mexican chiva dealers. Go away." I have these kind of issues to deal with and I'm supposed to enjoy Johnny Vegas singing about his "Brakeshoes" when the Safety Pins have a song titled "Let's Fuck" and Los Piolines have one titled "Hombre Loco"? They also do "Motorhead." Cerebros Exprimidos sing all their lyrics in Spanish.

Maybe I should go to jail with a portable CD player and play the shit to the inmates? Three chords, some attitude and some energy are about all that's needed to make that sun feel warmer after the cold visage of Mr. Constable left my sidewalk. Mr. Constable's shadow entered his automobile and he turned on his radio. Mr. Constable lives in a different world than I do. Mr. Constable drove off listening to Whitney Houston or some such shit and I was well into La Secta and "Still Don't Feel." "No, I don't know my social security number. No, I won't show you

my driver's license. I'm not driving, I'm sitting in a rocking chair on my sidewalk. No, I won't give you my money. Sign my name? How about an X? I'm illiterate." Stupid fucker.

—Wa

### **Alien-nation / Sebadoh** **The Sebadoh / Sub Pop**

One of the largest questions in modern music is Sebadoh. Here's a great band continually releasing quality records and they can't manage to break into the Hot 100 unless they change their name and membership to become the Folk Implosion and put a few tunes on a soundtrack. That happened before the current soundtrack boom. Lou Barlow remains one of the great pop geniuses of the decade. Sebadoh records are addictive. Once you've listened to one a burning desire (Sorry Elvis.) for the entire catalog becomes uncontrollable. As usual the pretty pop is mixed up with punk rock. Lou does the pop and Jason does the punk. That's the way it is, sorry. Other hacks in the mainstream press have given the release a not so positive review. If "Tree" isn't as layered and as lovely as Barlow can create then I guess I'm a stupid idiot - which goes without saying, but that's the kind of song that makes the back catalog so attractive. "Nick Of Time" is another of Lowensteins' compositions and it is fascinating how they've put the juxtapositions together. Since Sebadoh was at least partly responsible for an entire genre of music dubbed low-fi in the past

The Sebadoh is worth investigating for the production elements. Did Sub Pop acquire funds for production this time or have the Sebadoh boys invested all of their meager earnings into equipment? I'm not about to interview Mr. Barlow again and find out. Once was enough for a lowly individual such as myself. There are studio experiments and there are attempts to become the Beatles. Check out "So Long" and unless you are Utah educated the feedback will become the back-ground hiss on an old copy of Sgt. Peppers discovered at a yard sale. It is indeed a Sebadoh album. The first self-titled Sebadoh album. I guess that,

based upon sales figures, you either love them or have never heard of them. For those who love them they will appear once again in Salt Lake City on April 9 at Bricks. For those who have never heard of them? Go to the show and become very confused. Next? Go buy the entire catalog, or at least the portion of it available in Salt Lake City because this is one of the most prolific bands in existence. Next? Turn off that fucking radio. Actually the time has come to boycott all chain record stores and corporate owned radio stations. Buy a brain with your service sector wages and wake the fuck up.

—Wa

### **The Backsliders** **Southern Lines** **Mammoth Records**

Do I need to list the names? It's probably best because some fish wrap reader might have intelligence. Don Dixon helped produce a few songs. Eric Ambel receives most of the credit. Peter Holsapple plays accordion on one track. Tom Brumley plays pedal steel on one track. Joe Terry plays Hammond B-3 and piano on more than one track. The Backsliders disintegrated after Throwin' Rocks at the Moon. Brad Rice and Danny Kurtz fouled with Whiskeytown. Steve Howell went who knows where along with Jeff Dennis. The songwriter guy, Chip Robinson was left all by himself. He pulled himself together with some songs and began to record an album. Brad Rice returned to help on guitar. At the time of the recording the band was Terry Anderson on drums, Roger Gupton on bass and Rob Farris spelling Terry on keyboards.

If Wilco's Summerteeth belongs in the hippie bin then so does The Backsliders' Southern Lines. This all seems so boring to me, but the audience still doesn't understand. In the sixties hippies were experimenting with drugs and making psychedelic albums. This version of hippie does not include the Grateful Dead. Other hippies played bluegrass music while experimenting with drugs. This version of hippie does include the Grateful Dead. In the seventies some hippies began to

jam-on; these were the Grateful Dead hippies. Others grew their hair long, but they were not hippies. I'm thinking of the Velvet Underground, the Stooges and the MC5. A different branch of the hippie tribe embraced country music. These hippies were Buffalo Springfield, The Byrds, Gram Parsons, the Band, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Commander Cody and others of their ilk. Wilco took the pop road for their Summerteeth version of hippie. The Backsliders take the country rock road. To put it bluntly. The Backsliders are playing country rock with a seventies hippie influence and a whole hell of a lot of twang. On most songs Anderson's drums are a bit heavy in the mix for my tastes. That is the rock 'n' roll aspect. Robinson has some pain in his songs and a twang in his voice. His helpers bring certain elements of psychedelic to the band while never retreating to a tired jam-on realm. Overall Southern Lines comes off as rootsier than Whiskeytown.

—Wa

### **The Crown Royals** **Funky-Do! / Estrus**

The time has come to test SLUG musical knowledge again. The Crown Royals' Pete Nathan produced a CD for Syl Johnson. Name the song Johnson covered on his 1975 Hi Records release, Total Explosion, which was also covered by Talking Heads on their 1978 release, "More Songs About Buildings and Food. Part 2." Name the local bar Johnson played in September 97. If anyone reading can answer the questions pegging The Crown Royals musical style becomes simple. It's instrumental soul or funk if you must.

Instrumental soul/funk does not mean that stupid funk shit Portland bands stop downtown to play about twice a month. No, The Crown Royals are like unto the JB's, Booker T & The MG's and the Meters. Pete Nathan is the guitarist with the licks to shame local funk powerhouses. On the saxophone is Ken Vandermark, a genuine jazzbo who claims to love Art Pepper, John Gilmore, Maceo Parker and Ornette Coleman. Maceo Parker might be the best reference local-





ly since he recently brought his gig to town. Estrus is commonly referred to as a "garage" label. Funky-Do! is the second Crown Royals' disc from Estrus and on this outing band is all about the slippery slide of funk. Mark Blade is on bass and Jeff BBQ is the drummer. Blade isn't poppin' all over the place and BBQ must have a reclining drum stool because he's too laid back. The key to the disc is Vandermark and Nathan.

The duo is "strokin'" from beginning to end. Around these parts the natives believe "Strokin'" is a line dance. In the case of the Crown Royals "strokin'" has the true meaning. Funky-Do! is for oily, belly-to-belly action. Don't worry, they won't come near Salt Lake City because, except for Maceo Parker's appearance, da real funk never does.

—Wa

#### The Sewergrooves Three Time Losers / Estrus

Three Time Losers sounds like crap because it is a 10" EP. My copy is a CD. When a record is made in a crappy studio, with a crappy engineer, by a crappy band a CD simply can't capture the experience. One needs vinyl. We make do with what we have. The band is from Stockholm. Andrew Shit produced the thing. Press materials refer to 8-tracks. The 8-track reference may have a double meaning in this case because while the studio might have only had 8 tracks the music is reminiscent of the 8-track era. It's dumb, stupid metal. Large numbers of dumb, stupid people would have the reader believe that dumb, stupid metal is coming back. The vast majority of these individuals have never experienced the glory of dumb, stupid metal blasting from the

rear-deck mounted speakers of a 1967 GTO with an 8-track deck. Thin Lizzy is mentioned in the press materials. Thin Lizzy was never so vagrant. Since I didn't receive the vinyl version I will recommend improvisation. Go to a thrift store. Look for an 8-track recorder. If you can't find one at a thrift store go to the swap meet or search garage sales. Hook the antiquity up to your system. Erase an 8-track tape, preferably a Bee Gees one. Record the CD onto the 8-track. Use Scotch tape if necessary. Find a slut. Go to a junkyard. Find a 1967 GT0 with the

8-track player still in the dash. Give the junkyard man some money to hook-up a battery. Place your home-recorded 8-track in, smoke about five bowls of the worst quality pot you can find and crank the tinny speakers. Fuck the slut in the back seat. Welcome to the seventies dumb ass. Don't believe for one second that all of those bands pretending to play dumb, stupid metal are in touch with, or touching themselves, or touching a dumb, stupid slut. The Sewergrooves have made contact.

—Wa

#### The Necessary Evils The Sicko Inside Me / In The Red

Rock is dead. The debate rages on. Is rock really dead? Can the white teenagers sustain their current soundtrack and rap purchasing habits?

Can the music industry continue to grow even as the music and the selection becomes even more tiring than listening to Saturday Night Fever, Frampton Comes Alive and the original soundtrack to Grease back-to-back? These are trying times. The Necessary Evils submitted a CD cover that looked like it was screen-printed from a drawing composed by an LDS impaired individual. A similar enclosure of cardboard protecting a black vinyl record of 1966 vintage would fetch hundreds at any record swap meet in the nation. We don't have record swap meets in Utah. Thus we judge the CD on the merits of an obvious debt paid to Harley Davidson and his cohorts in Deadbolt for the second time this month even as we praise a cre-

ative process surpassing the locked in a format brain trust of the previously named rock combo. Customarily an important name is employed to ingest chemicals and over-indulge in alcohol as the band plays. That's the key to whatever

bullshit the publicist sends out. "Producer John Skidmarkedunderwear has worked with the Lickhershers and the Videotaped Sex Addict in the past and his efforts have won cinco Grammy Awards. The disc was mastered by "Window Peeker" who is best known for his work with "Curtains Drawn."

A bunch of idiot convenience store employers found the Owsley acid Rocky Erickson didn't. They channeled Danial Johnston's piano when he wasn't using it and discovered the joys inherent in life as a non-medicated schizophrenic. Peace and love. Fuck drum circles.

—Wa

#### The Surf Trio / Forbidden Sounds Dionysus

Surf music is most often viewed as a form of music popularized by the Beach Boys and Jan and Dean in the early sixties. A few more knowledgeable souls might mention the Ventures or even Dick Dale. In reality surf has continued as a popular form of music to the present day.

Surf fans are a religious cult. The Surf Trio has been at it for 12 years.

Their first album was produced by Brett Gurewitz and it appeared on the Voxx label. Voxx is still owned and operated by Greg Shaw and the first album, as with most Voxx recordings, remains in print today. Let the preceding words serve as a brief introduction. The first six Forbidden Pleasure songs leave an impression of clean and tasteful. They are like surfing in spring water. When the disc spins to "Little Death Coupe" the cover art comes into play. Pete Weinberger lays aside his guitar and brings spooky organ into the mix. A few words on the cover art are required.

Dionysus press materials informed me that John Garcia, the man responsible for the art, is a protégé of Ed "Big Daddy"

Roth. "Big Daddy" is a Utah resident and a Mormon convert.

Songs titled "Bring Me The Head Of Geraldo Rivera," "Party In My Dorm," and the previously mentioned "Little Death Coupe" don't exactly read like passages from "Joe's Book," but that's neither here nor there. Press materials claim the Surf Trio have a Ramones meets Dick Dale sound. I'm arguing with that analysis. For one thing The Surf Trio knows more than three chords. Take for example their "surf" impression of Grieg's "Hall Of The Mountain King." For a second thing they aren't as loud nor as energetic

as Dick Dale. These comments are not to be misconstrued as negative in the least. The disc is beautiful. There are horror moments, for example "Fog Lifter," a song reminiscent of the Adam's Family theme and later on there is "Bandolero!," which obviously has the Latino influence any self-respecting surf combo must demonstrate. The overall impression is a calming one. Too many modern surf acts attempt an update by bringing hard rock or even Ramones into play. On this album The Surf Trio stick to some

little recognized basics of surf. Melody and a certain meditative quality were a part of many a pioneering surf band's repertoire. Forbidden Sounds has those two qualities throughout. Live is another story I'm sure. If a quieter, jazzier side of modern surf is desired then it is time to look for Forbidden Sounds. As for that Ramones meets Dick Dale quote? Listen to the three songs containing vocals.

—Wa

#### Wilco / Summerteeth Reprise Records

Wilco is another band loved by critics and those who aren't musically challenged. The group has never attained mass acceptance. Summerteeth isn't going to light up the eardrums of those in search of twang. Read this song title while visualizing a Byrds meeting with the Beatles in Abbey Road Studios during the Sgt. Pepper recording sessions "Nothing'ssevergonnastandinmy way(again)." Wilco has sold out.



They've made a pretty pop record. "Pieholden Suite" is indeed a suite complete with horns and such. "How To Fight Loneliness" sounds like something Bob Dylan might have recorded with the Band backing him. Jeff Tweedy's voice can never be mistaken for Dylan's nasal twang and there I am back at the twang again. Press materials included with the disc go into some detail about change, evolution and the like. Individuals grow, bands grow and great bands aren't content to make the same record over and over again. "I dreamed about killing you again last night and it felt all right to me." I'd like to dedicate that lyric to about 25 people. Depression is linked to anger and a feeling of helplessness. Jeff Tweedy is a depressed individual and "Via Chicago," the song containing the lyric, is Tweedy fighting depression. Sane people don't write songs, at least not decent songs, and I guess if I had to select a "country" song from Summerteeth "Via Chicago" would be it. "ELT" is California country rock; "My Darling" is more Beatles inspired pop, but this time Leon Russell is sitting in; "When You Wake Up Feeling Old" combines Byrds harmonies with Brit-pop nonsense syllables; "Summer Teeth" is straight out of a Beatles vs Beach Boys/beta vs greaser playbook and "In A Future Age" winds down the trip using environmental noise.

Welcome my friends to a hippie record from 1999. Of course there is an uncredited bonus track. Summerteeth is a downer. It's a dark record and listening to the album made me feel sad. The Wilco hippies captured a present mood without resorting to mindless jams dedicated to the elbow shake shuffle crowd and if I have to listen to God damned hippie music I'll select Wilco over any "head" band.

—Wa

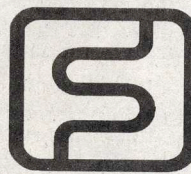
*"it is a far better thing that I do now, than I will ever do for any of you"*

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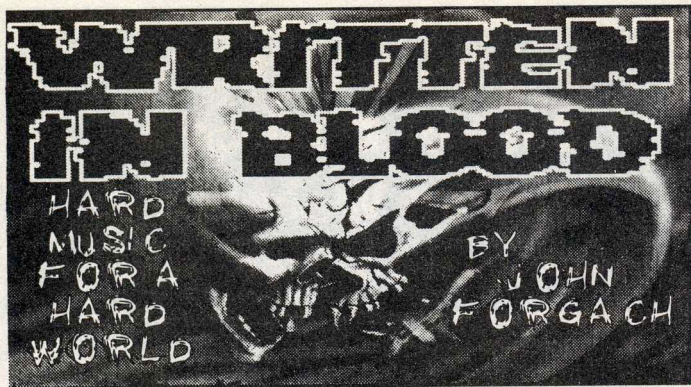


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## ITCHERY

### itchburner/Necropolis

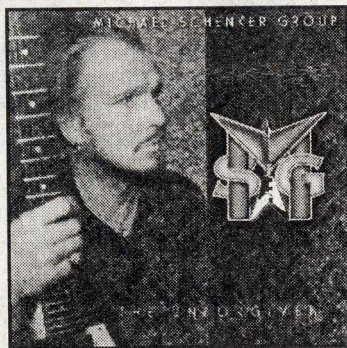
A band only makes it onto my "Best Of Blood" list for one reason - because they are good....because they are beyond good. Witchery made the list for 1998 for that very reason (actually, 1998 was the 1st annual "list", eh hee). Anyway, Witchery's new album DEAD, HOT AND EASY will be out on September 15th. To hold you over until then, the WITCHBURNER mini CD is being released. The disc includes covers from ACCEPT, W.A.S.P., JUDAS PRIEST and BLACK SABBATH, and also features three new tunes from the band. This is what metal is all about.

### ARRUGA, D. LOMBARDO, FRIENDS ivaldi - The Meeting hirsty Ear

In August of 1998 a group of musicians got together with conductor Lorenzo Arruga to examine a seven song suite by classical composer Antonio Vivaldi. Seven of the musicians, including the conductor, were classically trained. The group was accompanied by an eighth member in the form of renowned heavy metal percussionist Dave Lombardo (ex-Slayer, Grip Inc.). Arruga's purpose for this project was to record the groups improvisational performance of Alejo Arpentier's "Concierto Barroco" (the story of a Cuban percussionist's meeting with Vivaldi). As it turns out, besides his superb playing ability, Lombardo being born in Cuba made him the perfect candidate for the position. Besides feeling a bit cultured (against my will) while listening to this album, it was interesting to hear Lombardo's drumming intertwined with the sounds of a

harpsichord, oboe, flute, organ and classical vocalists.

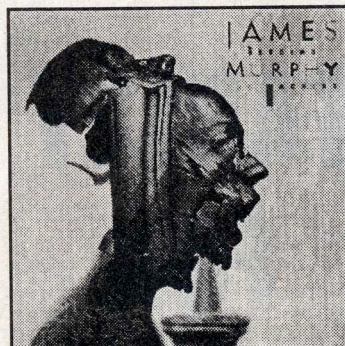
### MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP The Unforgiven / Shrapnel



Back in 1980, Michael Schenker's song, "Armed And Ready" changed my life. By that point in my life, the "KISS days" had passed and I had moved on to groups such as Rush, Black Sabbath and AC/DC. Around the same time I heard Schenker's, "Armed And Ready", "Into The Arena", the other songs from his first album and saw him playing his "signature" black and white Gibson flying V, and knew right then what a real guitar hero was. Over the years the MSG line-up has changed repeatedly with each new album. For me, whenever I think of The Michael Schenker Group, the original line-up with Gary Barden on vocals and Cozy Powell playing drums will always come to mind. THE UNFORGIVEN, the latest from Michael, is filled with his own brand of hard rock. Some of the songs have a commercial '80s sound, while others really rock. My favorite tracks from THE UNFORGIVEN, "In And Out Of Time" and "Live For Today" have the same early MSG energy, feel and sound. I swear "Out Of Time" sounds like it could have easily been on Michael's first album.

### JAMES MURPHY Feeding The Machine Shrapnel

The highly anticipated follow up to James Murphy's debut solo album, CONVERGENCE is finally out (Actually, I didn't even know it would be coming out, but oh, did I squeal with delight when I got it.). It seems Mr.



Murphy is finding his niche in the world of heavy music. I've gotten my hopes up way too many times over the years thinking James had found a permanent home with a certain band, but then the next thing you know he disappears again. Luckily, James always seems to reappear in some form, whether it's with a solo project, his own band, someone else's band or a guest appearance on an album. James has been a member of Death, Obituary, Cancer, his own band Disincarnate (I saw them live in Manassas, VA and it was good), Konkrrha and most recently with Testament. I'm not really sure what his status is with Testament, because James didn't play on the last Testament album, DEMONIC. I thought Glen Alvelais (ex-Forbidden) was brought in to take his place, but Glen probably got pissed and quit when they misspelled his name in the CD cover. Anyway, the Murphy bio states that he is currently a member of Testament, so we'll see. I'm sure James will have his hands full either way in the meantime while he operates his own recording studio, Sound Temple Studio in Oakland. As far as FEEDING THE MACHINE goes, this album will not disappoint. If your not into instrumental albums, never fear, James has plenty of great guest vocalists on the album. If you are looking forward to some serious "quality" time with J.M.'s guitar work, there is plenty of playing going on here. Every other song on the

album has vocals, while every other song is an instrumental. This rotation highlights Jame's unique style of play and at the same time displays his knack for writing a damn good song. The "core" band on the album features Steve Digigorgio (Sadus) on bass and Deen Castronovo (Ozzy) on drums. Guest appearances include Clark Brown (vocals / GZR), Chuck Billy (vocals / Testament), John West (vocals / Artension), Trent Gardner (vocals / Magellan), Chris Long (vocals / Under), Vitalij Kuprij (keyboard / Artension), Matt Guillory (keyboard, piano / Dali's Dilemma), Jeremy Colson (drums / Dali's Dilemma), Chris Kontos and Lonnie Park.

## HELLCHILD

### Circulating Contradiction Ritual Records

The band Hellchild, from Japan, was formed in 1987. What I picked up from reading their bio is that they've recorded lots of mini CDs and have had many different bass players over the years (just thought you would like me to share that with you.). This Japanese three piece plays death metal well enough that they will be turning heads.....to the east, of



course. Hellchild's sound has incorporated much of the European and U.S. death metal influences. These guys won't be tagged as just another "Japanese metal band", as was the case with the predecessors of the Japanese metal scene - Loudness, Earth Shaker, etc.. Not that there have been tons of metal bands that have come out of Japan, but the ones that did sounded like they were from Japan. They had a foreign sound that really never caught on in other parts of the world. Musically, Hellchild is technically proficient and the playing is interesting. Areas that



could be improved would be guitar soloing and the vocalist's range. The singer has a pretty cool sound for this type of music but he never mixes it up. By half way through the disc, the vocals walk the line on becoming monotonous. Another thing with the vocalist is he needs to stop singing every now and then. There really aren't any instrumental passages without vocals. I can hear them going on in the background, but there is always vocals recorded over them. My advice to the vocalist is: Just shut yer' damn mouth!

#### EM SINFONIA

In Mourning's Symphony  
Martyr Music Group

Hmm, what to say, what to say. Em Sinfonia is an eight piece which is lead by a veritable "death metal god", Brian Griffin.



Brian is one of the guitarists for the band Broken Hope. While we all eagerly await the new Broken Hope album, due out sometime this spring, Brian and Co. are releasing IN MOURNING'S SYMPHONY. The title of the album pretty much sums it up, but if that's not enough, the label coining the term "...sad symphonic drama" to describe the album

should help. This band, complete with male and female vocalists and a violinist, sets out to mix the heaviness of death metal with the darkness of black metal. Personally, this stuff does about as much for me as 3.2% "Utah beer". I'm just not into this dark, brooding stuff and this album is DARK and BROODING. Bring on the Broken Hope!!

#### CRACK UP

Heads Will Roll / Nuclear Blast

Germany's, Crack Up are releasing their third full-length



album HEADS WILL ROLL. The band has also released two other albums (BLOOD IS LIFE and FROM THE GROUND) since forming in 1993. The fourteen songs from HEADS WILL ROLL feature Crack Up's style of death rock. While the vocals are primarily death-styled, they are also varied enough to display the singers desire to delve outside the barriers of traditional death metal. The rest of the band joins in this approach. Though Crack Up had it's beginnings well entrenched in death metal, they have evolved into what has been described as "death rock". The heavy, full guitar sound of this band is reminiscent of Entombed.

—Forgach

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# THE DAILY CALENDAR

## Wednesday, May 5

Mac Swanky Trio - ABG's  
Frank Page - Crocodile Lounge  
Sun House Healers - Dead Goat  
Donner Party - Liquid Joes  
Royal Bliss - Zephyr

## Thursday, May 6

James Stewart - Crocodile Lounge  
Gearl Jam - Dead Goat  
Marmalade Hill - Liquid Joes  
Johnny Mogumbo - Zephyr

## Friday, May 7

Unlucky Boys - ABG's  
Mambo Jumbo - Crocodile Lounge  
Brother Music Powerhouse -  
Dead Goat  
Choice of Reign - Liquid Joes  
Trepas Canyon - Spanky's  
5 Fingers of Funk - Zephyr  
Impact - Totem's  
U of U Grad Night w/Fat Paw -  
O'Shucks  
Culture Shock - Club 90

## Saturday, May 8

Ropetow Doggies - ABG's  
Lagwagon w/All, Wretch Like  
Me, Armchair Martian - Bricks  
House of Cards - Crocodile Lounge  
Shakin' Tree - Dead Goat  
Chola - Liquid Joes  
Prozac Nation - Spanky's  
5 Fingers of Funk - Zephyr  
Impact - Totem's  
Second Hand Grace - O'Shucks  
Culture Shock - Club 90

## Sunday, May 9

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Karl Denson - Zephyr

## Monday, May 10

Studebaker John & the Hawks -  
Dead Goat  
Glade - Zephyr

## Tuesday, May 11

Goat Jam - Dead Goat

Jim Rose Side Show - Tower  
Vain Melter/Mag Static - Zephyr

## Wednesday, May 12

Me First - ABG's  
Frank Page - Crocodile Lounge  
Mulberry Drive - Dead Goat  
Glade - Dragonfly Cafe  
Loudmouth/Silverbean -  
Holy Cow  
Choice of Reign - Zephyr

## Thursday, May 13

James Stewart - Crocodile Lounge  
Kottonmouth Kings w/Hot  
Sauce Johnson - DV8  
Loveseat Daredevils - Dead Goat  
Royal Bliss - Spanky's  
Michael Stern - Zephyr

## Friday, May 14

Scrotum Poles, Flesh Peddler -  
ABG's  
Mambo Jumbo - Crocodile Lounge  
Michael Kelsey - Boothe Bros  
Performing Arts Center, Sp Fork  
Elsewhere - Spanky's  
Those One Guys - Dead Goat  
Mike Ness w/Deke Dickerson -  
Tower Theater  
Rubberneck - Zephyr

## Saturday, May 15

Swamp Donkeys and Flesh  
Peddlers - ABG's  
Flying Cats - Crocodile Lounge  
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat  
Kate MacLeod, Andrew Calhoun  
- Dragonfly Cafe  
Open Mind Shaft, Erosion,  
Magstatic - Spanky's  
Rubberneck - Zephyr  
GWAR w/One Minute Silence  
& Godhead -  
Wasatch Events Center

## Sunday, May 16

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Zambra the Torture King -  
Spanky's

Betty Blowtorch - Zephyr

## Monday, May 17

Teddy Morgan & the Sevilles -  
Dead Goat  
The Find - Zephyr

## Tuesday, May 18

Goat Jam - Dead Goat

## Wednesday, May 19

Stigma - ABG's  
Frank Page - Crocodile Lounge  
Reverend Read and the Apostles  
of Blues - Dead Goat  
Jello Biafra - University Ballroom  
Duff McKagan Loaded - Zephyr

## Thursday, May 20

Marty Sutton - Boothe Bros  
Performing Arts Center, Sp Fork  
James Stewart - Crocodile Lounge  
Gearl Jam - Dead Goat  
Vanilla Ice - Tower Theater  
Sea of Jones - Zephyr

## Friday, May 21

Tempo Timers - ABG's  
Marty Sutton - Boothe Bros  
Performing Arts Center, Sp Fork  
Mambo Jumbo - Crocodile Lounge  
Lisa Marie and the Co-  
Dependents - Dead Goat  
Custom Made Serve - Spanky's  
Jerry Joseph & the Jackmormons  
- Zephyr  
Baby Jason and the Spankers -  
O'Shucks

## Saturday, May 22

Dos Testes - ABG's  
House of Cards - Crocodile  
Lounge  
Groovie Ghoulies - DV8  
The Clots - Dead Goat  
Thunder Fist - Spanky's  
Ritmo Calientie - Zephyr  
Baby Jason and the Spankers -  
O'Shucks

## Sunday, May 23

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
My Friend Moses - Zephyr

## Monday, May 24

B-Movie Rats and Unlucky Boys  
- ABG's  
R. J. Mischo and his Red Hot  
Blues Band - Dead Goat  
The Agents - Zephyr

## Tuesday, May 25

Angel Rot and Andreas Fault -  
ABG's  
Goat Jam - Dead Goat  
Fun Lovin Criminals  
- Tower Theater  
Donner Party - Zephyr

## Wednesday, May 26

Bluegrass Banjos of Death -  
ABG's  
Frank Page - Crocodile Lounge  
Dr. Mongo - Dead Goat  
Clover/Magstatic - Zephyr

## Thursday, May 27

James Stewart - Crocodile Lounge  
Up Yer Sleeve - Dead Goat  
UV Transmission - Spanky's

## Friday, May 28

Mambo Jumbo - Dead Goat  
Bock & The System and The  
Station - Spanky's  
Gamma Rays - Zephyr

## Saturday, May 29

Carrol Steffens Jazz Quartet -  
Crocodile Lounge  
Pepper Lake City - Dead Goat  
Chola - Zephyr

## Sunday, May 30

Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat  
Julian Coryell - Zephyr

## Monday, May 31

Mark Hummel and the Blues  
Survivors - Dead Goat

**check it out, you can FAX in  
your calendar...**

**801.538.0621 or 801.487.1359**

**or email it to**

**MLHARRELSON@NETZERO.NET**

That's not too hard is it? Well, is it?

THE DAILY CALENDAR IS A FREE SERVICE TO CLUBS AND  
VENUES. YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR INFO TO US BY THE END OF  
THE MONTH. UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO KNOW  
ABOUT YOUR SHOW, in which case you are a fucking idiot and should  
probably get a job washing George St. John's socks where you won't hurt  
yourself by having to do so much thinking. **Farley for Mayor**



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